

Blue Team

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Summary: The SPARTAN-IIIs. Trained child soldiers. At the age of fourteen they underwent augmentation procedures. Afterwards the ones that survived underwent even tougher training, and in an effort to make sure they could wage war. 14-year old Spartan Trainees John-117(The Master Chief), Kelly-087, Fredric-104, and Linda-058 are pulled straight into a strange new world. [Discontinued]

1. Chapter 1

"Fred, Kelly. Let's go. Linda, set?", John-117 asked. He looked to his teammates, who were putting weapons and equipment into metal wall lockers. Although they were 14, they looked up to 17 or 18 years of age. Kelly-087 finished first as per her usual routine, and being the fastest of the group helped. Ever since what had happened a few months ago, the team worried about her, as she had been the slowest to recover. Despite that, nobody could argue with the results and her amazing speed had only benefited from that.

Although everyone was still a bit clumsy in adjusting to how their bodies had changed, once she had recovered she had went back to being graceful almost immediately. Fredric-104 finished up second, his military fatigues and boots clean after he had changed from the last combat practice. Although they were only looking for supplies, John saw the large, gnarly combat knife sticking out of his boot. Linda-058 finished last, the deconstruction of her sniper rifle taking time as she made sure it was properly taken care of. She stood stoically and nodded to him as looked at him with her emerald eyes. She nodded purposefully.

"These are getting tougher, and the stuff we found to help in the last simulation was confiscated. Plus, what were they wearing?", Kelly asked them. "Could be some sort of armor, exoskeleton maybe. Either way, we still won.", replied Fred. They all filed through the door, heading out. They had found some abandoned storage and military

research tunnels, which is where they got some of the extra equipment they used for the last exercise and where they were headed now in order to scrap together whatever is other kids in the SPARTAN program knew this, but were staying back to cover for them in case any trainers came around.

They opened up one of the heavy air ducts that ran through the underground tunnels in which their training and housing had recently occupied. From there they shuffled through one-by-one, as their recently augmented bodies barely fit nonetheless. After crawling a few feet they turned to the right, continuing in silence. Despite having been taught to have an excellent sense of direction and situational awareness, they had been crawling in the dark for a while, and the tight corridors had become repetitive, with only a few intersections which were passed. Luckily, they had improvised last time and once the sound of fans had faded away they had switched courses, pushing their bodies vertically up a shaft.

Once they had gotten to the top they got to the metal grate leading outwards, Kelly looked to John, since he was their team leader. He nodded silently, knowing too much noise might travel through the ducts, and who knows who could end up hearing it. She easily pushed the grate open and pulled herself out, onto the floor of the massive storage level. Although it was mostly empty, the racks that lined the outer walls remained, holding a few mismatched crates that the Office of Naval Intelligence had forgotten, or chosen not to bring out of this place when the SPARTAN program moved in.

"Alright then, Fred take the ones on the right, Kelly on the left, I'll take front. Linda, your listening duty.", to which they dutifully nodded and went about their work. After searching through the first two, which contained files, he found some nylon rope which could be used in a multitude of ways. He turned around and placed it in the box of things that were collected by his teammates. He went back to continue his work in the dark facility, when he realized it wasn't dark. Linda noticed it too, and Fred followed. They looked to where the light was from and saw Kelly holding the lid of a box with her left hand, and holding the box itself with her left. A warm glow flooded her face and the ceiling above her, as she stared wide-eyed into it.

John looked at the box and saw it's label: "ONI:Section Three-Project; [CLASSIFIED]. Military Calendar: [CLASSIFIED], Project head: Eagle Eye", the rest had been professionally blacked out. Kelly motioned them forward, and as they gathered around they peered inside to see the strangest sight they had ever laid eyes upon.

A glass case sat at the bottom, airtight. Within it was the real treasure though. A glowing crystal floated lazily within it's center, and slowly spun in the air without support. It seemed to illuminate all the darkness within their vision, until that is, Kelly reached for the glass case. John was about to stop her but it was too late. As soon as her finger made contact with it, the crystal within stopped spinning, and a light started projecting from it's bottom, scanning around it upwards until it made contact with where the appendage lay. The crystal flashed brilliantly and started to spin rapidly.

"Think it's time we close this box, agreed?", John asked. It was bad enough messing with experimental tech, but if they got caught with

this the consequences could be dire for his team, and he couldn't allow that. His question needed no answering as the four stepped back slowly. In the end, it was futile as the room was engulfed in a burning orange.

2. Chapter 2

"Live, this is Lisa Lavender on scene! The storm that arrived a mere hour ago has developed rapidly, and our scientists are calling it the storm of the century. I'm here at Beacon Academy, where one can clearly see, and feel the effect of the swirling super-storm. Our analysts are stumped by this phenomena but are working night and day to find out just what it is. The storm seems to be moving through the Emerald Forest destructively, and it is said this could upset and affect grim activity. Here to talk about it is Beacon Academy's own Professor Peter Port.", as the white haired reporter finished, she didn't even interview him, handing off the microphone to the heavy, bearded man. She quickly ran back indoors, leaving the barely-covered cameraman to film the Professor in the windy environment.

"Wow, who knew the news would come here! this is so cool! We should go talk to that reporter!", exclaimed Ruby Rose to her team, who had watched these events from their dormitory window at the academy. She was the leader of team RWBY, standing for the initials of Ruby Rose, Weiss Schnee, Yang Xiao Long, and Blake Belladonna. Despite the awkward spelling, they would enthusiastically tell you it was pronounced team 'ruby'.

"Yeah! C'mon sis, let's go!", encouraged her older sister. The blonde taking her younger sister's hand in hers and attempting to drag her out the door. Both of them were stopped by their assigned partners. "Don't be ridiculous, the media are a bunch of fools and they'll only waste your time.", said Weiss vehemently. The young heiress understood a bit about the subject, being the heiress of the largest energy propellant in the world, and one of the richest families in history. "I agree, they'll probably just find a way to twist your words and say the storm is your fault, or the headmasters!", added Blake. She also had an understandable animosity towards the media as they tended to paint her whole race in a negative light. Her teammates had only recently learned that under her bow held a pair of cat ears.

"I'm sure it'll be fine, we'll represent team RWBY!", contradicted Ruby, trying to make an excuse. "Awww, it's sweet you two care so much, but we'll be fine!", Yang said, her excitement at possibly being on the news pushing her onwards. With that last comment she grabbed Ruby and pulled her out the door, heading for where they saw the reporter enter.

* * *

><p>"Should we-", Blake started, speaking to Weiss, but still staring after where her two teammates had left. "Yes. They get into enough trouble as it is, and we're responsible for them as their friends." She nodded dutifully. Blake nodded back before finally grabbing her weapon, Gambol Shroud, in case they had to chase them into the city or something. Criminal activity had been running rampant recently, not to mention if they had to follow their teammates into the forest and encounter the soulless Grim. As scary as the name suggested, some

of them were extremely dangerous. She grabbed Gambol Shroud, a 'Ballistic Variant Chain Scythe'. People always seemed to think that meant she carried an actual scythe like Ruby did, but her weapon was small, connected to a ribbon which could be used to swing it at range, and had a built in pistol. When sheathed, she had the sheath custom-built as well, so it could be used like a very thick short sword, almost as a cleaver.<p>

Looking at Weiss, it seemed she had the same idea as she had her Rapier, and carried Ruby's folded scythe on her back. The red rectangle stuck out upon her white ensemble. The two nodded at each other and started to quickly walk out the dorm, locking the door behind them before heading off. With Blake's enhanced hearing, a side effect of being a faunus, she could hear the vibrations of some nearby windows shake, the wind mercilessly attempting to unhinge them from their placement. This storm seemed serious. As the two entered the assembly area, where a few students and Professors milled around. They quickly picked out their partners' easily recognizable clothing, Ruby's red cloak and Yang's rather revealing mix of leather armor and stylish clothing. Across the room, they also saw that their partners were speaking to the reporter, and Yang suddenly held a fist up and stood proudly, as if recounting a tale of bravery. The girls' younger sister was giving a thumbs-up and a smile. After which the reporter handed them some...was that Lien? Blake and Weiss glanced at each other with similar concern before speeding over to them. It turned out to be in vain, as Yang triumphantly pocketed the cash while Ruby smiled eagerly, noticing their approach.

"Hey, thank goodness you got here, that reporter just gave us a job!", she looked up proudly, hoping to see smiles on her teammates' faces. Needless to say she was disappointed. "Just what kind of job did you accept from that reporter?", Weiss asked her teammate cautiously as she saw Blake start to talk to Yang. "Well, she gave us fifty lien and said we just had to take pictures of the storm up close, and then she'd double the payment when we returned!". Weiss was not amused. "Why would you accept that, not only would Headmaster Ozpin never approve such a thing, but it could be dangerous. Plus, you didn't think it odd that she couldn't get the pictures herself, or hire a cameraman?", she questioned. Ruby just hung her head, the answer obvious. Weiss knew that Ruby still wasn't the best socially and knew what she had to do.

"Ruby, I know you thought it could be great, or maybe your sister did. I'm not mad at you, everyone makes mistakes.", Ruby looked up to Weiss hopefully, a bit downtrodden. "Just try to be more careful, and think of the consequences first, okay?", at this Ruby nodded and cracked a wry smile, but Weiss could tell she was still struggling with the concept that as the leader of the team, her decisions affect others as well. She had faith in the girl though.

"I'm guessing she told you what happened?", Blake asked her, snapping her out of her reverie. She shook her head a bit before replying. "Yeah, and since she paid them we should probably do it." At this Blake nodded. "I don't like it, but taking her money and leaving, that's worse. Even if she is practically taking advantage of kids." The two turned to Ruby and Yang, both of which were silent after receiving a significant admonishment from their partners. "Alright, we'll do it, but consider your actions next time.", Weiss said to them. They both cheered at being forgiven and high-fived each other, before Weiss handed Ruby her weapon and saw that Yang already had

hers on her, seeing as it was a lot more practical. Looking like bracelets, the folding mechanical gauntlets were capable of shooting flaming incendiary shotgun shells. Despite that practicality of carrying these around, her younger sister had what was possibly the least practical weapon in history. 'Crescent Rose', her scythe, was also a high-caliber sniper rifle and she was a master at using the huge device and both it's functions at the same time. It was still questionable how she never seemed to get tired after swinging it around throughout a battle. Even more outrageous than this, she never compensated for recoil, instead using the the massive kick the push her back and improve her maneuverability and mobility in combat. Weiss had seen her medical record thugh, and it showed. She had dislocated her shoulder quite a few times.

"Alright, Team RWBY, lets go.", Ruby said to them seriously, unfolding the mechanical scythe indoors and twirling it a few times before resting it on her shoulder.

Weiss could tell Ruby would become a great leader.

* * *

><p>Ruby, Weiss, Yang, and Blake slowly walked to the door leading outside of Beacon. "Ha, I'll bet this storm isn't even that strong, they probably just ran out of celebrities to talk about, or got bored showing mug shots of criminals on Television.", Ruby said jokingly. Yang laughed at this and Weiss seemed to lighten up, considering the possibility that it was being blown out of proportion. Blake just hummed lightly in acknowledgement, deep inside her thoughts. "Alright, lets take a look at the 'Super Storm', Ruby made air quotes around it before swinging open the exit. Within a second they had been knocked to the floor as Ruby was blown back into Weiss and Yang, who promptly crushed blake with their fall. Slowly, they pulled themselves up and continued walking, the situation serious enough to warrant absolute seriousness, even from Yang and Ruby. The wind howled in their ears and Ruby struggled to pull the hood of her cloak over her head. It was going to be a long day.<p>

3. Chapter 3

Total Blindness. To be cut off from one's senses. It could be worse than torture. In some techniques it was used as torture. John couldn't feel anything around him, save for a barely tangible pull from his fatigues. He tried his best to move, but it appeared he was completely immobile. It was hard to tell if this lack of feeling was because of a neurotoxin of some sort, or something else. John tried to remember how he'd gotten here but only felt spike of pain go through his head, and he tried to grab it only to realize he was paralyzed. There was nothing worse for a Spartan than being unable to do anything. 'In a fight, one could help. On a ship, your useless.', John had heard one of his brothers say. Perhaps it was Samuel. As if his muscles' struggle to move had tired him out, he felt the pull of sleep tug at him. As if to show the strangeness of the situation, John swore he saw the darkness swirling in a spiral as if magical, some light shimmering away from it. Although he intended to simply close his eyes for a split-second, he was pulled into the world of unconsciousness.

John walked through the forest, the dark trees natural to him as he

remembered the times he had trained here back when he and the other Spartans were younger. He was only about a mile from the obstacle course and the rest of the original training ground, so he continued in that general direction. As he gently brushed his fingertips along the bark of the pine trees, the boy felt as though he were at peace. Looking up at the sky, and seeing it was night, he gazed upwards to catch a glimpse of the stars, but was surprised to find there were none. The darkness seemed to settle around him silently, as if it were a ghostly companion, swallowing him up in its embrace. The serenity of the situation was almost overwhelming to him, as they were almost always kept busy. This reminded John he had to get back to the facilities, he admonished himself with a sense of finality. He remembered being taught that these trees were originally brought from Earth, and what had started as a small project quickly exploded into its own eco-system.

John couldn't tell where the limited light in the forest was coming from, but was nonetheless thankful for it. Despite having sharper vision thanks to the recently undergone augmentations, the lack of moonlight and the wild environment almost coated his vision with a dark black, but he dutifully continued onward, only stopping to check certain landmarks in order to stay on course. He made it back to the obstacle courses they had first trained on within a half-hour, good time considering the forests' density. He saw that it was partially disassembled, the levers and pulleys that the six-year old John had climbed across with his teammates under the watchful eye of the Trainers and Chief Petty Officer Mendez. It was almost sad to see that it was so easily swept away, but they had long ago stopped using it nonetheless, CPO Mendez deciding it wasn't challenging enough after a year despite many restructures. After that, many tactical training sessions had them being dropped out of an aircraft into the forest, trudging through underbrush in the nearby mountains.

Quickly jogging along the main path, the few miles to the main area seemed to fly past him without effort, and it wasn't a surprise to him, as they were used to running up to many miles a day. As he reached the main compound, he noticed that he was coated in a thin layer of moisture, almost as if a mist had rolled over him. He disregarded it still and headed into the barracks, figuring that if anything he could ask a marine there what had happened, knowing that chances were not a single portion of the Spartan program remained here. As he reached the metal door, he snapped it open, only to reveal that nobody was inside. The bunks had been stacked against a wall haphazardly. He wondered what to do, but as soon as he stepped back outside he realized something had to be wrong. A strike of lightning crashed down not fifty feet away from him, and rain started to tear down from the skies, where he saw that a few clouds swirled threateningly, and strangely enough the center had light coming from it. The rain poured in a downpour before resuming to a drizzle, as if the different weather patterns were violently fighting for control. As thing happened he tried to step back in, but was surprised that his foot hit a large rock and he tripped, still a tiny bit uncomfortable with how his body had been changed. He cursed himself for being clumsy before shakily attempting to lift himself, only to realize that he didn't need to, as it seemed the hurricane force winds that had formed were pulling him off of the ground. Not allowing himself to panic, he finally realized that such a thing couldn't have happened, even with Reach's somewhat unpredictable climate. As if suddenly seeing the truth, he started to scrunch his face in thought. A second later he opened his eyes groggily and remembered.

After awaking, John saw that the swirling darkness he'd seen earlier had pulled him closer. He was still in what could be considered a paralytic state, but could feel his muscles contract slightly when he pulled at them. The swirling darkness started to take a more distinctive form as it pulled him in, and suddenly lightning erupted and retracted from it, and small droplets of water seemed to float around the area, perhaps this is what had caused his dream. Looking with his eyes for a way to escape, he saw a small shape with the corner of his eye, and after squinting, saw that it had a large knife handle around the leg. It couldn't be anyone else, and John unfortunately saw that the Storm-like form started to strengthen it's pull on them, until John saw that Fred had been sucked in and was completely out of view. Realizing that his brother had been pulled in, Jon no longer fought, hoping to assure his teammates' safety.

* * *

><p>About a half hour earlier: Emerald Forest, west of Beacon Academy~

"Your two owe me and Blake big time!" Weiss shouted through the howling wind as she and her team crawled forward through all of the mud that covered the ground. After walking for an hour, they had almost reached the storm, although this was mostly because of the fact that it had been heading in their direction, rather than them being very successful at making it through. At hearing Weiss' comment, Yang tried to smile innocently and wave, but it didn't look as innocent as it might have had they not been in the middle of a storm with her hair blowing in every direction simultaneously. Ruby however just looked down guiltily, which had more than the intended effect as she had the look of a lost child, and the storm itself only complimented that. At this Weiss smiled to her a bit to show she wasn't being that serious. Blake merely grunted, still focused on the objective, which is probably what the others should have been doing, as at this point Ruby was sticking her scythe into the ground in front of her and using it to pull herself forward and not be blown back. Weiss had taken a similar approach, using her rapier almost as an anchor or sharp walking stick to make sure she wasn't swept off her feet. Yang simply tried to use the cracking trees as cover to catch her breath before the next one. Blake however had sprinted ahead, and was now a few feet in front of them, her sword's large, sharp sheath stuck into a tree as she attempted to catch her breath somewhat.

"Let's take these pictures and leave, surely these will be good enough.", she commented, as even the patient, silent faunus' patience had reached an end. at this she looked to Weiss, who pulled herself forward to give the girl her scroll. Scroll was probably the wrong name for the damn things anyway as they were basically large, mobile phones, that unfolded to a tablet sized device. Unfortunately, she hadn't named them and thus:scrolls.

Blake started to take various photos, but in an effort to get it over with simply gave it back after the first 10 photos, which Weiss had no argument with. Even Ruby and Yang didn't put up a fight as they were too tired out from trying to get there. Turning backwards, they started the trek back, until that is, they were knocked off of their feet by a shockwave, which was quickly followed by another. Turning back to look at what had caused this, they saw that the eye of the

storm seemed to pulsate and shake unsteadily, rather than push itself slowly and steadily. "W-what the hell?", Yang asked rhetorically, knowing full well they didn't had a feeling that her stuttering was more from the difficulty to talk above the wind than any actual fear. The very eye of the storm started to expand and unravel, as if the gods' themselves commanded it. The wind slowly started to die, and the rain started to swirl around in random directions, before falling uselessly upon the mud.

The team let out a sigh of relief that it seemed their bodies had prepared specifically for that very moment. They looked up and saw the sky clearing, but not before the strangest thing all day happened. Shapes-no, bodies, fell from the remaining portions of the eye of the storm, and fell with an unnatural slowness, as if drifting. However, as if gravity was turning on slowly, each of the four figures started to slowly fall fast until they were deeper into the forest. "Girls, we have to check that out! They could be hurt!", Ruby said urgently. Upon seeing the tired looks on her teammates' faces she urged them on. "It's out duty as huntresses in training to help people, c'mon!". At this pleading the others reluctantly gave in and team RWBY started to trek further into the destruction that was the forest, with the earth covered in mud and tress fallen all around them.

As they reached where they thought the bodies had fallen, they saw a small clearing, and a number of beowolves roaming before their eyes fell upon the figures, who were each on the ground, scattered a bit away from each other, laying on the ground. Ruby, Weiss, and Blake turned as they heard a noise, which turned out to be Yang readying her shotgun gauntlets, Ember Celica. "Looks like we're fighting more than just the the storm.", she commented. She turned out to be right as a single Beowolf turned to look at them and snarled viciously, attracting the attention of the rest of the pack. The grim seemed erratic, as if they'd become disturbed. The creatures didn't even act cautiously at all as they all charged forward. Yang dashed forward, immediately punching the first in the face, the familiar sound of the shotgun's incendiary rounds firing as the gauntlets made contact with the creature. It bounced back, the body falling behind it only for more of it's brethren to replace it. Before the blonde could move Weiss snapped forward and slashed the first to bits with her rapier, and Blake got the other with her chain-scythe. Once they fell, a bigger group approached, led by the largest beowolf in the clearing, who appeared to be the pack's alpha. It roared and started to charge forward, only to be sliced cleanly in half as Ruby ran straight through it with her scythe. A crystalline crackling sound punctured the a'ir and she saw that Weiss had promptly frozen a trio of the grim, and in direct response she stuck the Scythe's blade into the ground to stabilize and made use of it's sniper rifle function, nearly decapitating each of s within seconds of the last.

Separating away from them, the other pair were working just as effectively, with Blake both shooting and slicing away, while Yang's brutal punches, aided by her shotgun gauntlets, were blowing apart heads, leaving sizzling corpses strewn about. Slowly each member of the team were spread all around the clearing, carving their own type of destruction despite the Beowolves' large numbers. Before long Yang saw Blake tear gambol shroud's throws me portion out of a body and and Weiss attached her rapier to the belt on her combat skirt. And Ruby...where was Ruby? She looked around worriedly for her sister until her eyes rested upon the spot where the people from the storm

had fallen. It was here she saw Ruby with a wicked knife to her neck, the blade gleaming extremely close to her skin, and the man holding her had his face with a dark expression over it. Immediately, her eyes flared red in anger and her semblance ignited her body, wreathing it in flames as she screamed angrily and rushed to aid her sister, attracting the attention of her teammates.

"Your going to do as we say, or you won't get your teammate back.", he said, despite the fact that his voice wasn't loud everyone heard the boy and Weiss and Blake nodded as they stepped behind Yang, who shook with anger. "Now, toss tour weapons over here.", he said as he gestured to the area him and his companions stood in the mud. Weiss and Blake were quick to do so, but Yang hesitated before a look from Blake told her desperately to follow their orders. Yang unsteadily took of Ember Celica and threw them over to the boy's feet, where his companions were quick to pick them up as he still held Ruby by the knife. Blake looked closely, her faunus vision helping her see better than Weiss or Yang could, and on the other teens' uniforms she saw small nametags stitched into them. _Kelly-087_, on the blonde girl with the ponytail. Next to her stood another girl, who was taller, with dark red hair and a ponytail. On her uniform was _Linda-058_. She was giving Ruby's sniper scythe a thorough looking over, and seemed to be attempting to take it apart. The next one was a boy who seemed the most serious, he had brown hair and blue eyes, and an almost dutiful, stoic look to him. On his uniform it said _John-117_. Unfortunately, she was unable to see the name of the one holding her leader hostage, and the way they stood looked professional. To add to that, Blake, Weiss, and Yang were now weaponless.

"Alright, now answer my questions clearly and specifically. Where are we?" Yang was still awfully tense and Weiss seemed to be having a panic attack about her partner so Blake stepped up to the plate. "Emerald Forest, East of Vale. Near Beacon Academy.", she replied, trying to act calm. She hadn't been in a situation this tense since her time in the White Fang, and that had been one of the reasons she left. Despite her answer, the people didn't take it well as she saw him scowl and the others seemed just as unamused. "Not topographical location, what Star System." At this Weiss seemed to snap out of her trance. "Star System? What kind of question is that! Are you deranged?!", she spat angrily, before perhaps realizing she shouldn't be angering those who held her Partner's life in their hands. Perhaps a more tactful approach would be better.

"Look, I'm sure your confused after what happened, but we came out here to help you. I'm sure we can get everything sorted out back at Beacon.", she reasoned. They seemed to look at each other in silent conversation, while Blake smiled at Weiss for her reasoning and Yang seemed too be focused on not going on a rampage, in the matter of making sure her sister wasn't hurt. "Have your teammate back and we'll go to this academy. But we shall keep your weapons, and we expect answers.", the other boy said. His voice seemed a bit deeper and said with more purpose. Looks like John-117 had more spirit, from what Blake could tell. From the way he said it, she knew that 'we expect answers' had an attached 'or else'. With that, the one with the knife to Ruby's throat released her easily and without hesitation, to which she ran and embraced her sister, while Blake saw that on the boy's uniform showed a Fred-104 upon it, and the boy slid the very large knife into his boot, nodding at them to lead them to Beacon as he picked up the remaining weapon, Gambol shroud, which he held the sharp blade sheath in one hand and the sword-gun in the

other, but not in the position to fire the gun. However, he wrapped the ribbon connecting each of them expertly around his wrists and held them cautiously. _John_-117_ put a hand onto the "Fred's" shoulder as if telling him to calm down, before he himself put the other portion of Ember Celica around his wrist and started walking, following where Weiss had started leading and Yang carried Ruby. Blake attempted to stand behind them as they continued to walk, but the redhead, _Linda-058_, pointed the sniper-scythe at her and gestured forward, telling her silently _keep moving_. Indeed, this day wasn't going to let up anytime soon.

4. Chapter 4

They were led to an ancient-looking group of buildings, stone built, that these girls said was their 'Beacon Academy'. Fred wondered why anyone would build such a thing. It certainly wasn't insurrectionists, that was for certain. The rebels fighting Earth's grasp used guerilla tactics and did their best to stay inconspicuous-it was their greatest advantage. Building impractical structures on backwater planets simply wasn't something they would do, when the money could be better spent on weapons, bombs, or ships. So it begged the question: Just where the hell were they? Him and his Spartan brothers and sisters had apparently fell from a storm. Fred desperately tried to remember how they'd gotten here but it was hopeless, the last thing he could remember was talking to Sam-034, telling him to cover for him, John, Kelly, and Linda for...something? He knew thinking about that would only waste valuable time and decided it would come to him eventually.

They entered the halls and he noticed that it looked very clean, in comparison to the outside, which Fred could compare to the castle strongholds they were taught about in Europe's middle ages. Consistently speaking, most history he was taught about was the history of war and strategy, especially since Fred was one of the designated Squad Leaders, right behind John. Still, him and his Spartans, along with the girls received many stares, and a woman with an extremely outdated microphone kept shouting to them, but John told the girl in white to simply keep leading them to their superior, which they did so, albeit with some grumbling. Upon stopping, Fred looked up to see a single door which read 'HEADMASTER' above it. The girl in front gestured in, and each of us entered, save for Linda who waited for the girls to enter before following. In his mind he thanked her, always wary and willing to cover their backs.

"Team Ruby, and..."The man at the desk seemed to be at a momentary loss for words after he saw the Spartans. It wasn't long before Fred recognized that the _armed_ girls must be called team Ruby, and he had no doubt his own teammates kept that suspicious piece of information safe. _Color-coded team, armed, could be enemy...they don't have UNSC designations though, nor identification. I'll have to keep my guard up. _Fred thought to himself. He moved gripped his combat knife tighter to calm himself, but unfortunately this drew the attention of the man, who seemed to have noticed they held 'Team Ruby's' weapons.

"Professor Ozpin, sorry to disturb you but we...ran into these other teenagers in the storm." The girl in red stated. _Downplaying a hostage situation? That's not good. Mistrust between superior officer-'headmaster?' and subordinates perhaps? That could be useful

information. _Fred was quick to note in his head, not forgetting this could be a hostile confrontation at any second. The man at the desk seemed calm for the most part, in what looked to be his forties, but had gray hair. He had in his hand a mug of coffee. "I see, and why, might I ask, were you outside in the storm. I believe instructions were given to students to stay on campus grounds?" His question held value to Fred. _If they didn't follow orders...definite mistrust. Loose chain of command, disorganized base of operations, outdated technology. This is not...normal. _"Well, you see sir. We-I" She quickly corrected herself. "Was paid to take pictures of it by a reporter, and since I was bound by contract my teammates...decided to make sure I was safe!" She said quickly. It looked as if she'd taken credit for the fall, which was only confirmed seconds later. "That's incorrect sir, it was my idea. I deserve the punishment." The blonde one said. She seemed protective, but nonetheless honest. Interrogation training made detecting lies in adolescents easy for the Spartans, which is why the could tell what came next, wasn't as true. "We all deserve the blame sir." The brunette with the bow said, _after _looking to the white-haired one, who nodded following the statement. The headmaster only nodded.

"I'll stop tip-toeing around the important stuff though. Who are you?" He addressed John this time, as he stood closest to the man. Fred wondered what his explanation would be but trusted his friend. "We are UNSC trainees and need transportation to the nearest UNSC or ONI facility." It was a safe answer to an expected question. The military had trainees for a variety of jobs, and the UNSC nor ONI was classified. Not all parts of them were public knowledge, but their names were all common knowledge, _especially to rebels. _"I don't now what you mean but you kids seem serious. I don't know any UNSC, or ONI and I've traveled to all the regions of Remnant. Is there anything else you can tell me?" Fred noticed the man seemed nice, but it could be false. After all, the only thing he said was 'regions of remnant', which wasn't much information to begin with. Plus, it was kind of hard to believe that this man had never heard of the military that enforced Earth's laws and it's intelligence agency. Still, he seemed sincere, and the other girls hadn't known those things either. From the amount of time it took John to respond, he could only assume that his leader had come to the same conclusions he had and had mulled over a response.

"Were...not from around here." _Real nice answer there, _Fred thought jokingly. The man raised his eyebrow, before smiling. "Alright, well, what city are you from, Vale?" He could practically see John's gears turning in his head. If they were still on Reach, then he could name a city there. A city on Earth would likely mean that if these people had ill intentions, they wouldn't be missed, as Earth was basically where everyone left from, to the colonies, and the population size of Earth meant missing people weren't known to be off planet for months. If he chose a city out in the outer colonies like Cote d'Azur, than if these were colonists they might bring them there, despite all these strange occurrences.

"New Alexandria." _Good. Close to Castle Base and Spartan training facilities, and a medium population center. Well known as capital of the Planet Reach, and since Reach is the most well-known colony, chances are high we can get there. At the least, interstellar trade ships went to Reach all hours of the day and night. "_I'm afraid I don't know any New Alexandria. Here, let me get my map..." As he said this, he got up and grabbed a rolled up paper map. _What? Unless

we're on reach he won't find it on a map. Humanity has over 800 colonies, not to mention the Planets' name is usually the only thing marked. And how would it fit anyway? Why isn't he using an electronic, or even holographic map? _He unrolled it atop his desk, and Fred noticed Team Ruby fidgeting behind them near the door._ How unprofessional._ The map showed a single planet's worth of continents, and four of them. It could be any number of planets, but in the corner it said _Remnant_. This was useless, and he _knew_ his teammates thought so as well.

"Headmaster-" John started. The man cut him off. "Please, call me Ozpin. And I don't see a New Alexandria anywhere..."

"Where is the nearest off-planet space dock?" Fred wasn't sure if John planned to attempt to fly them back to reach through slipspace, but they'd all been trained for each bridge station on a variety of military space-faring vessels, so if need be they could even hijack one. "Off-planet? I'm sorry, but you must be confused. There is no Oxygen in space, unless your trying to access a satellite I don't see why you'd want to get off planet. I don't think there are any space docks either."

crack

crack

Shatter

The mental sounds of all of their plans being destroyed as if made of glass and put through an industrial blender. The Spartans' plans, any of them, revolved around getting back to the UNSC, and it was obvious they weren't on Reach, considering there were no ships flying overhead. That means they'd have to find a way off world. But if there was no way off-world, what could they do.

_What? _Fred questioned. _Impossible...but what we've seen backs it up. Some sort of planet humanity has claimed right after the age of colonization? No, they'd still have better technology. Perhaps that's the point, starting over. Some sort of religion? No, again wrong-don't be stupid Fred! They couldn't populate an entire planet in a few hundred years with an unnoticed group. Besides, they would have been found. We need to find a way off this rock. The insurrection won't stop just because we are stuck somewhere. None of us know enough about the Shaw-Fujikawa Translight engine designs to make one safely, not to mention make a ship big enough to use one. All we were taught were Slipspace calculations, and even those take hours to do roughly without an AI, which I haven't even seen a dumb AI here!_

"Can you prove what you say is true, Ozpin? How do we know you are being truthful?"

"Well, I don't see what I could possibly gain from lying to you, but you can use our library for research. Beacon Academy is one of the biggest research centers in all of Remnant aside from being just a school. Nonetheless, you seem a bit lost, what do you plan to do once you leave Beacon?" It was all in all a fairly innocent question, but the fact remained that it brought up what needed to be said. _What will we do? _Fred thought to himself. He saw John look back at them. Kelly nodded to him, a sign that she trusted his decision. They all

did, really but Kelly was John's best friends, along with Sam, wherever he may be. Linda cocked her head to the side in silent questioning over what they would do, before nodding. Fred lightly tapped John's shoulder in reassurance. He'd been a leader for a few years now, and they trusted him with their lives. Still, none of them knew how to act in a situation such as this. It wasn't an interrogation method, as there were too many places it could have failed. It was too sloppy to be a training exercise. The only explanation was that they were on some weird planet, perhaps made by a radical political group, but that still didn't make sense. _And a library? _Fred questioned internally. _We learned about a library...the Library of Alexandria. Don't Libraries hold texts and books though? Nobody uses books, there are databases now, books are impractical._ _It doesn't matter, they had plenty of time to figure such things out, and worrying doesn't change things, acting does._

John turned back to Ozpin. "We will find our own way." It was as if his word was absolute. Ozpin only knitted his eyebrows in confusion. "You know, I don't mean to be all that rude, but you could stay here. As students you could use our research material freely to find what it is you're looking for, so that when you leave you have a plan." _What? Why would he do that? It seems more like a way to keep us trapped here. _"When would we be allowed to leave, exactly?" John inquired. "If we were to accept." _ Good, keeping options open. _"Well, you'd be able to go down to the city temporarily over the weekends, as we have shuttles. Vacations are longer and would give you time to go likely wherever you'd like. But as for leaving in a permanent fashion, you can do so whenever you would like to. Just remember that as students you can't leave during school hours at any time. But if you are leaving permanently that's fine. Surely you understand we can't have a disruptive schedule." Ozpin said, before sipping his coffee. He seemed very confident we would join. As if to sweeten the deal, he added. "This is a professional Academy, and has living quarters if need be." _Admittedly, it's a nice deal. Steady supply of information, a place to house temporarily. But what if it's to observe us? No, that shouldn't matter, the instructors always try to observe us and we end up observing them, so if this really is a trap we can learn from it._ John didn't look too eager to put his team into the fire but I smirked at him. Linda, the master of traps and ambushes herself also came to this conclusion and nodded. This time Kelly chuckled just the slightest bit. _She is our Rabbit, the bait in most of our own ambushes. I suppose she would compare the situation to one of them. _

"Alright, we will join your Academy. But we will leave when the need arises and if any action is taken against us." He paused. "We will not hesitate to retaliate." Ozpin smiled at this lightly, as if it was all a game. "Sounds fair. Team Ruby" The girls looked up from their stupor. "will show you where your classes will be tomorrow and please" He looked towards them. "Show them the washrooms, showers, and dormitories in the first year wing, I believe a room is free next to Team Junipers' dormitory. That is if you are ready to start tomorrow?" John nodded. "Alright, go ahead. The school can provide you with uniforms and materials seeing as you don't have any of either. I will inform the other Professors of your addition to the classes as well." Team Ruby started to leave with the Spartans following before he stopped them. "Two more things, one-I'm sure team Ruby would appreciate if you gave them back their weapons." The Spartans tensed before hearing the next part. "They will be under

strict instructions not to use them against any of you." He looked towards them and they nodded, if hesitantly. The Spartans gave the strange weaponry back to their original owners. "Secondly, I can see your names on your er- uniforms, but there isn't time to designate you a team name. Do you have a preference?" Fred saw his teammates grin and knew everything would be fine no matter what.

"Blue Team."

* * *

><p>After they had left the office the girls led them to a staircase with considerably less people. Boy was that awkward. It still was to them. They could only hope that because of the strange circumstances their punishment would be less severe. Still, these kids weren't exactly bleeding hearts and could even get them in more trouble. Yang herself was even more angry at them. They dared to threaten to hurt my sister. They dared hold a knife to Ruby's neck. I don't care what he says, they will have to answer for what they've done! It wasn't long before she was clenching her fist in anger, especially at John and Fred. _ 'Fred-104' held the knife to her neck, and worse, his leader 'John-117' didn't even stop him. I ought to beat the living shi- _ "Well, this is your room." Weiss, interrupted her train of thought. She opened the door and saw it looked just like theirs had before any decoration had taken place and they had made makeshift bunk beds. It was bare to the bone though, as nobody had been using it. Just sheets, blankets, and pillows neatly stacked upon the beds, which were side-by-side. "Alright, see those two doors over there?" Weiss pointed to the two doors at the end of the hall. Yang imagined continuously punching Fred in the face.

"The one on the left leads to the girls' washrooms, there are two shower stalls and a space for any other bathroom business, including two sinks. I'd assume the same for the boys', which is on the right side. Now, it is late, but as for your classes you may follow us tomorrow, we don't have the time to show you around tonight. I assume you all can wake up at 7am?" They nodded. _ Wow, even Weiss seems fed up and tired today. I still better get a bloody apology for Ruby. _ "Now, I believe you owe Ms. Rose an apology before we turn in for the night." 'Blue Team' just looked at Weiss like she was speaking a different language. Ruby quietly looked to her toes. "Ms. Rose?" Was John's question. _ Really, can you not guess that we are talking about my sister, the girl who you jerks held a knife to her throat! _ Blake coughed and gestured to Ruby, before putting a hand on Yang's shoulder in order to calm her down. _ >

"Why is an apology necessary? She is unharmed." This comment came from Fred. Yang couldn't control herself. "You little piece of crap! You held a knife to her throat and threatened to kill her, she deserves a lot more than an apology!" Yang stormed up to him and punched him with as much strength her angered state could muster. The others surprisingly did nothing to stop her and Fred looked unfazed, his head simply snapping to the side with the blow. After which he grabbed her hands to stop her. "Understand that we did so because we foresaw a threat. If the rest of you reacted the same she did, she was to act as leverage."

"How could you see a fifteen year old girl as a threat! You held her by the knife! You've got no right to use her as leverage!" Yang

struggled to her hands out of his grip.

"Yang! Stop, it wasn't-" Ruby tried.

"Stay out of this Ruby!" Yang didn't let her sister but in. "Tell me why I shouldn't beat the crap out of you right now!" He blinked slowly, before answering her calmly. "I'd assumed we'd ceased hostilities. There is no reason to act violently towards each other any further." That got Yang to stop. _What? J-just like that...what is wrong with these people. It's like they switch from one mode to another. Wh-what do I...I probably will only end up hurting myself, I shouldn't have snapped at Ruby, I'll just ignore these people and comfort her. They even told Ozpin they didn't plan on staying, right?_ Yang let herself relax, and his grip on her released.

"Fine. Come on Ruby, you need your rest." Yang said, simply turning and ignoring her adversary and grabbing her sister by the shoulders before heading into their own dormitory. Weiss and Blake stared at Blue Team, but only John spoke up. "Seven-AM?" Weiss nodded and left, as did they. But before they were all inside Blake noticed one of them stayed to stare at her. By the patch on her uniform it was 'Kelly-087'.

"By the way, Ozpin mentioned this weekend where we go to the nearest city..."

"Yes?" She asked.

"Can you explain what a weekend is?"

5. Chapter 5

****The notebook in the beginning of this chapter is "_Doctor Halsey's Personal Journal_", from the limited and more expensive editions of Halo Reach.****

* * *

><p>Kelly-087 walked behind the trainer, one of the many soldiers who did not talk, and was there to help make sure they followed Chief Mendez's instructions. Kelly had gone out of bounds during an exercise-and used it to win. Smart, possibly, but not the point. She knew this but it was still what she had done. In the end, your intentions don't matter in comparison to your actions.<p>

The trainer left her inside an office, which was surprisingly messy. Inside was a small computer and a holo-projector for an AI, but the desk was covered in papers. A mug sat precariously on it's edge and a small notebook lay open next to it. Along the walls hung various charts which she didn't recognize, but they seemed to show various types of data. Curious, Kelly decided to peek at the desk, but just saw a bunch of paperwork until her eyes lay upon the notebook. There was a drawing that was completely shaded in, and it looked to be one of the greek era soldiers they had been taught about. _Spartans. _She remembered. But the dark silhouette of the Spartan stood over a child imposingly, his shadow draping over the boy.

It was strange, the boy just stood staring up at the great Spartan, his ancient armor making him look menacing in comparison. That's when

she saw the writing next to the drawing.

_"There is an ancient saying, _

_'The beginning of wisdom, is ignorance.' _

_So where do we begin to create the ultimate warrior? _

With innocence."

Kelly thought that was strange, but being fourteen years old decided she could learn what it mean later and kept scrolling through the pages. She saw more strange sketches, one with a spaceship, and a young marine sleeping, his cap pulled over his eyes. It was eerie, she noticed the drawing of her, her brothers and sisters as they trained and on another page she saw a picture of herself sleeping in one of the Cryo-tubes. There was writing next to it.

_"Addendum: Retrieval Team Gamma reports _

that Number 087 eluded capture for six

_ hours! She dodged and sprinted away faster_

than Anyone had anticipated.

_Fortunately the girl came forward...believing _

_it all to be an elaborate game for her _

upcoming birthday!

_This serves as a reminder of the candidates' _

_special natures, and how one mistake could _

jeopardize the entire program..."

Kelly stopped reading. That was her! The last time she was home with her parents she had seen men coming after her and had thought they were taking her to her surprise party. Kelly remembered wanting to find it herself, but she went up to them because she was unable to find it. But 'eluded capture'? This made her think. _I thought I was chosen. They said we were humanities' best and brightest. _She continued flipping the pages, and saw more sketches of the one marine man, before coming across a drawing of herself with half of her hair shaved, and in a defensive stance. _That was the day they tried to give us haircuts! Ugh! __I still hate those. I probably shouldn't look at this anymore. _Still, she kept looking through, albeit carefully watching the door for Chief Mendez. There were stranger pictures now. One of John exercising when he must've been only ten years of age! Another weirdly had a piece of pie drawn on it. But that's when she came across the most intriguing things. Drawing of the human body, muscle structure, brain scans. _What is this? _Kelly thought as she absorbed the information. Lists of things ingrained themselves upon her minds' eye as she scanned the notebook once more.

_I divided the final list of augmentations into _

_two categories: those that fall within 12.5% _
_lethal/malformation tolerances, and those with _
_higher failure rates or long-term side effects _
_that we haven't adequately studied. _

****_Accepted protocols:_****

_ Capillary reversal-Marked visual perception increase. Risk: 11%
have retinal rejection and permanent blindness._

_ Enhancement injections-Increase of tissue density and decrease
lactase recovery time. Risk: 5% of test subjects experience fatal
cardiac volume increase._

_ Ceramic Ossification-Advanced material grafting onto skeletal
structure makes bones virtually unbreakable. Risk: 3.8% FAIL rate due
to possible mutations and compromised matrix/marrow integrity(based
on primate case studies.)_

_ thyroid implant-Human growth hormone catalyst boosts growth of
skeletal and muscle tissues. Risk: 2% acquire Elephantiasis._

_ fabrication of neural dendrites-Significantly increases reflexes.
Risk: 12% contract Parkinson's disease and Fletcher's
syndrome._

****Bottom Line:**_**

_An acceptable but alarming rate of failure...a rate that I fear may
be enhanced by cross-chemical complications..._

"What?" Kelly said to herself._ What are these for?_ Kelly didn't
like the sound of complications. Mendez had taught them complications
got people killed. That's why careful planning on the battlefield was
so important. Unfortunately it was at this time Kelly heard footsteps
from down the hall, so she quickly closed the notebook and stood at
attention facing the door.

* * *

><p>Kelly awoke with only the vaguest image of her flashback-dream,
an sketch of a girl, probably six or seven, asleep in a chamber of
some sort. She realized she'd have to think it over later as the
planet's star had risen and her brothers and sister had started to
wake. Their minds were trained and it didn't take a genius to
remember the strange situation they were in but she didn't let it
slow her down. Within a minute each of them were fully dressed and
ready, but for lack of spare uniforms decided not to use the showers
they had been shown for now.<p>

Kelly could still remember the look that girl had given her when she
asked what a weekend was. She could only guess it was common
knowledge that most people and students here got two days off every
five days. It seemed impractical and unnecessary to her as they had
never taken any breaks. At the break of dawn you were woken up, and
at first-Kelly remembered-the trainers used electrical batons and
other such things to wake them up, but it had become pointless.

Within two minutes everyone was dressed and headed to the showers. There was 30 seconds of hot water before it turned cold, but they only had at most 5 minutes to shower and the Spartans had their suspicions it was only this long when Mendez, their head trainer and mentor, hadn't finished his coffee yet.

Each day had started with a few 100 repetition sets of exercises like push-ups, jumping jacks, and crunches. After which was a small meal while intellectual lessons were given by the bases' AI, Deja. Deja, as an artificial intelligence who's main function was teaching the adolescents, had a holograms resembling Athena, the Greek Goddess of wisdom. Depending on where we were in curriculum they might learn battle strategy, zero-gravity combat, and a variety of other relevant subject before going on a multi-mile run to whatever exercise the trainers had chosen next. Sometimes it was obstacle courses, sometimes firearm training, and sometimes even being pushed out of an aircraft into the forest.

Nonetheless each Spartan had visited the washrooms to make themselves presentable before lining themselves up outside of Team RWBY's dormitory. Kelly almost chuckled after John knocked loudly on the door and many loud crashes and shouts were heard, before the Black-haired one with the bow peeked her head out the door calmly and nodded to us, saying "We'll be ready momentarily." Her professionalism was somewhat betrayed however as behind her a book went flying and various things were heard.

"No way I am waking her up, are you insane! She'll kill me!"

"You're her sister, get over it! She's practically in hibernation!"

"That's exactly why you should wake her up, I've dealt with it for years!"

"That only means, that you have more experience!"

The Girl at the door, who's name Kelly couldn't remember, rolled her eyes and shut the door. and after five more minutes all four of them stepped out in what appeared to be the establishment's uniform. Kelly herself, who took pride in her speed, thought they looked much too elaborate and constricting. They looked tired but were carrying a number of books that they'd probably need for class. Kelly figured it wouldn't be too much of a problem considering their rather new status at this 'Academy'.

"You'll get school uniforms and necessary supplies soon, as well as your daily schedule. We have a while and plan to head to the cafeteria before the first class for breakfast. I don't suppose you'd want to join us?" The youngest girl, Ruby said. She smiled slightly, in an optimistic and Naive sort of way which helped the Spartans at least relieve themselves of worry for now. Although it was strange seeing how lightly a girl who wielded a scythe carried herself here. John simply nodded and gestured with his arm for them to lead the way, which they did.

It wasn't long before they went to the cafeteria, but it was still rather extravagant compared to what they were used too. Kelly found herself surprised by it's size and the amount of student already seated at the large assortment of table, thinking that her team

probably felt the same. They followed team RWBY's lead in grabbing a tray and allowing the employee to drop some pancakes onto their trays, and asking if they wanted syrup, to which they nodded silently in the affirmative.

Throughout their training one of the continuous rewards for winning an exercise, or sometimes even not losing, was food. Chief Petty Officer Mendez would often give the winning squads or trainees a variety of fanciful food if they performed well, while the ones who did badly would go without food. Still, as a prize this only happened once a month at most but the Spartans had quickly learned to count their blessings and pick their battles.

They seated themselves at the same table adjacent to team RWBY, and ate quickly. The way the Spartans ate wasn't particularly controlled, and it was even less so on the less controlled and more innovative exercises they'd been doing recently. Still, when on a regular schedule they learned to eat fast, and had learned that sometimes you might not eat for another great period of time, so even choking on food was wasteful. Before long each had finished and left their utensils on a pile of their trays which were neatly stacked for disposal, while team RWBY weren't even halfway done with their meal. it was obviously something they'd have to get used to if they were to be staying here awhile but Kelly's natural tendency for speed left her a bit impatient.

She knew that she was fast, and she remembered some trainers talking about how she could be 'The fastest human being alive'. Honestly though she took it with a grain of salt. She was the fastest of the Spartans and they'd trained physically and mentally since their younger days but it didn't mean much if a bullet hit her and being the best at anything just made you cocky. It was-she suspected-one of the reasons Fred-104 always got second place in everything. First place would only cause him more trouble than it'd be worth and there was still no way he'd ever be faster than her, or a better sniper than Linda, though he was certainly close.

Looking at him, she saw him run his thumb along the scar he had on his face, a small line running diagonally across his nose. It was a nervous habit and he knew it, so he went back to what he was doing previously which was running his fingers over his combat knife. Unlike the scar, the combat knife was more his personality in an object than any nervousness and he could do just about anything with a knife. She'd seen him pry open, saw, peel, and tear through tons of obstacles, along with cutting small sticks off of trees for firewood and even slicing into the dog food pile of a marine platoon they'd been pitted against for a few months, which he had promptly poisoned their food in order to keep the aggressive canines out of the game temporarily.

Kelly saw Fred look up and send her a wry smile, the best she could hope for in this situation, before she nodded back and moved her attention to John-117 and Linda-058. John was her best friend along with Samuel-034, who she hoped was taking care of the other Spartans at the moment. On day one they'd been paired together and because of John's obsession with winning the squad had gotten last place, which meant no dinner for the hungry and tired six year olds. The next day though he had made it up to the two and their squad had gotten in third place, after which they'd been inseparable. Of course, after eight years all the Spartans had grown close and the...departure of

nearly half of them had hurt them dearly.

But what John and Linda were doing was what was interesting to her and smart, and Kelly blamed herself a bit for not thinking of doing the same. They were intently focused on the conversation the four girls shared, each of them animatedly chatting about this escapade or that. They confused her with a variety of terms she'd never heard but she hid her confusion, as did her teammates, in order to listen for any relevant information. If it turned out to be irrelevant, no loss, but if it became useful then all the better.

They were finishing up their food when another group came in who introduced themselves as the Team JNPR who shared a dormitory near theirs. As they all continued talking it only became apparent how much they didn't know and it was surprising. Kelly almost felt out of her depth. She was supposed to be prepared for everything but didn't understand half of what they were saying, though she figured some of the things they said, much of it must've been either local dialogue or slang, something that differed greatly planet-to-planet anyway.

Kelly could run, jump, shoot, and climb her way through hurricane force winds, plot course trajectory for intercontinental ballistic missiles, disassemble a nuclear powered railgun, and 'man' a weapons console on a UNSC heavy cruiser.

However...

Kelly had absolutely no idea how anybody could be 'scared' of a literary exam, 'psyched' for an upcoming movie, or how an adolescent girl thinking a male was 'hot' could possibly be a good thing. Wouldn't that mean his body temperature was abnormally high? That COULDN'T be safe.

Yet all of these strange things were discussed easily between the groups and she reminded herself how confused she felt when the girl had been surprised at her no knowing what a weekend was.

Strange situation indeed.

Still, it was obvious to the Spartans how much more comfortable Team RWBY was with team JNPR(Juniper) to talk to and it was clear the Spartans weren't accepted here yet.

THAT, was something Kelly knew how to deal with just fine.

* * *

><p>Professor Glynda Goodwitch took her position as a teacher at Beacon Academy with the utmost seriousness. Despite this she often thought that the Headmaster, Professor Ozpin, her boss, often made decisions that seemed crazy and were based purely on gut-feeling and instinct. Today she was once again teaching direct combat, but Ozpin had made her take in the mysterious new students from the storm into her class. For Vale's sake the only weapon all four of them had was a single knife! Still, Ozpin hadn't been wrong as of yet so she wondered how she could work this. Perhaps I could make everyone go empty-handed? Hmmm...how would that work. Ah yes, usually we save situations like weapon loss for second year training, but I see no reason why we can't change that. make it fair for the new students

and teach some important skills. With that it was decided, until the new students got new weapons she would teach empty-hand combat sparing and techniques. _After all_, she remembered. _I did become a teacher to make sure other huntresses and huntsmen wouldn't hurt themselves. To prepare them for their duties. _With that, she headed into the area where the fighting would take place.

"Alright students. today we will be doing something different. As you may have noticed, we have some new students with us. These students do not have weapons at this moment, so this is an opportune time for you to familiarize yourself with how to fight without the use of your weapon, should it ever be lost or broken." She saw some of team Cardinal snicker when she said they didn't have weapons, and laugh once they saw the new students' lack of actual battle outfit, armor, or even school uniform. She wondered how that team had even got into Beacon in the first place.

"Now, as we have not been acquainted with them I will use this class to assess their combat abilities. First match: Russel Thrush of Team CRDL(Cardinal), against Kelly-087 of Blue Team." _This should be interesting, Ozpin seemed quite confident that these student would be something._ "Now since you are new here I will explain the rules. Your aura is being measured on your scrolls, and the first one who's aura drops below a certain amount will lose. Basically we will scan your body's physical status and if it become bad you will lose. Should it become to bad you will be sent to have medical attention. This is hand to hand combat, no weaponry or environmental usage allowed, understood?" She asked. The brunette girl replied with a dutiful nod, before sizing up her opponent. Russel was a bit scrawny, with a green mohawk, a single shoulder pad, and bracers upon his forearms. He looked rough, as if he were a criminal, which is why Glynda personally didn't think he belonged here, and she was certain that this 'Kelly-087' was thinking the same. "Alright, begin."

Immediately, Russel started to taunt the girl, which while distasteful was allowed as a diversionary tactic as it sometimes was effective.

"Hey, Kelly Zero-Eight-Seven! You think you can just come here when schools already started? You don't even have a weapon, I could take you in my sleep!" At this a hearty laugh came from the rest of Team Cardinal, but when Professor Goodwitch looked to 'Blue Team', she saw only small, knowing smiles upon their faces as if they knew a game-changing secret. Swinging wildly for a punch, Russel was surprised to find he hit only air as Kelly had already dodged to the side, and she stood still calmly.

"Oh, so the girl thinks she's fast, huh?" He spat to her. "Allow me to show you who really rules." And with that he attempted to slam her face with a fist, only to find she wasn't there anymore and had evaded once again. Gritting his teeth he kicked to where she now stood with a roundhouse kick, attempting to knock her out, but she ducked with unnatural speed underneath his leg and stood off to the side.

By now, Professor Goodwitch saw that Kelly wasn't fazed in the slightest, and that she would probably end up winning anyway, but didn't seem like she wanted to hit him.

"Remember, the battle lasts indefinitely and one can only win when the opponents' aura shows a low status." While her hidden message seemed to get through to Kelly, Glynda did not miss the girls' look towards her teammate, and it was almost one of...uncertainty? _Very curious indeed. _She saw the one with _John-117_ stitched onto his combat fatigues nod slightly. With that Kelly's resolve seemed to strengthen as she stood back around to face her opponent, who seemed to have been able to catch his breath. This time, Kelly got into a very professional, open-palmed defensive stance.

"Oh, so the little girl wants to play seriously now. Fine!", Russel shouted as he rushed her, swinging his arm in an arc in an attempt to blindside her. The move immediately failed as she ducked and used her left hand to push his punching arm upwards and out of the way, while turning her right hand into a fist, and connecting it with his abdominals. Within a second he was thrown across the floor, about eight feet away from where the fight had been taking place, and he lay unmoving.

Silence reigned over the onlooking students as Teams RWBY and JNPR wore shocked expressions, and Team CRDL's expressions were extremely angry. Blue Teams' were mixed, with John-117 having a face depicting sympathy, although it didn't seem to be for Russel, While Fred-104 rubbed his temples, and Linda-058 looked to be trying to communicate to Kelly _Relax, it's alright _or_ Calm_ Down, it almost seemed to Goodwitch didn't have time to contemplate this as she rushed over to see Thrush's injuries. Lifting up his shirt, she saw that all along the side of his chest was already bruising, and it looked like several ribs had been broken. She didn't need to see her scroll to see his entire Aura had been depleted, allowing him to be injured physically to a large extent. _It's not possible for a single punch to knock out an Aura barrier. It's physically impossible, we even consulted scientists on the strength of an average barrier. They're not strong but gone in a punch...somethings not right. He'll be fine but we'll have to be more careful. _

"Ma'am, objective completed." Kelly's words knocked Glynda out of her contemplation. "Good, but please, try to control your strength. This is sparing, and the objective is not to kill our opponent." She replied. But in her mind she knew. _This isn't a matter of controlling ones' strength. Something is wrong here. I have to find out what it is._ _Still, I have to find out more about them and I can't end the class, we have a school to run._

"I'll keep that in mind, Ma'am.", and with that Kelly stepped down from that platform and rejoined her team, either oblivious or ignoring the stares she was receiving. Quickly, Glynda called the Academy's Doctor with her scroll and within five minutes Russel was rolled away on a small stretcher. She decided not to take risks this time with her students as she still didn't understand these new ones.

"Alright, for now we will have John-117 against Fred-104." As she called them up she realized. _And what's with the numbers? Emblazoned military uniforms, serial number names, This is definitely weird._ She saw both students take professional stances, identical in nature, but different than the one Kelly had taken. These seemed more aggressive, and the boys seemed a lot more confident. And strangely enough, the floor creaked a bit underneath them. While they seemed big for their supposed 17, they didn't look big enough to be causing

that to happen.

With an unbreakable silence the two seemed to eye one another with practiced wariness. It wasn't hard to see they each smirked at one another and she realized this probably wasn't the first time they had spared. Nonetheless, they seemingly took it seriously as with a surprising suddenness John pushed forward and kicked, the firm hit forcing Fred back. Instead of falling and standing up, he used the momentum to do a backward roll, springing upwards in recovery of the hit no worse for wear. They each showed surprising speed and strength but it didn't seem to compare to Kelly's speed which Glynda realized was incredible in it's own way.

With that last motion Fred cracked his neck, as if starting to take things seriously and sent a flurry of punches at his teammate, before taking advantage of John's defensive stance by sweeping his legs out from under him and giving a firm punch in the abdominal area. '_These kids are ridiculous. They fight calmly, yet go at it like they're job is to kill. They're going to drive me to drink, and I rarely drink!'_ _Professor Goodwitch thought to herself, before seeing that the other students had gasped at the punch. The only other student she'd seen punch with remotely the same amount of strength was Yang, and that wasn't surprising considering her weapons did require punching most of the time.

John stood up and actually smiled at Fred, while the students looked shocked at his resilience. Although she saw that the area where he had been punched while on the floor had actually cracked. '_Ozpin better not take it out of my paycheck, he's the one who wanted me to evaluate them~But humor aside this is not normal.'_ Glynda didn't bother looking at her scroll, which automatically connected to sensors in the room displaying people's aura strength. She was sure that the punch had knocked out a large percent of John's aura protection and she would get a notification when his dropped too low. However, the boy didn't look concerned at all and simply sent a few jumping kicks at his opponent before using an uppercut to surprise Fred. It was like they were having a conversation though, rather than fighting as despite the heavy blows they looked as if they were exchanging small talk.

The room was rapt with attention, all being drawn to the boys, and Glynda herself found that she was curious as to what fight style they were using, as after every attack they seemed to switch tactics, as if it were two animals in an evolutionary competition for survival, each species adapting mainly in order to counteract the other. Unfortunately she didn't get more time to observe as sadly the Bell rang, signaling the end of the class. _The whole thing with Russel Thrush being injured must've taken up more time than I expected. _She thought to herself.

* * *

><p>"Psst. Psst. Weiss! Wasn't that crazy? They were fighting like hero's!", Ruby whispered to Weiss as they both quietly sat down next to one another in class for Professor Port's lecture. As usual it would probably be boring unless he had students fight something again, but even so his lectures usually only consisted of talking about his past 'adventures' that oftentimes didn't even seem realistic. "Ruby, did you not forget that just a single day ago they held you hostage with a knife!" Weiss replied sternly.<p>

"Relax, they were confused, and had just fell through the eye of a storm. I don't take it personally. Plus, they're so cool!" Weiss agreed that their abilities were impressive, not that she would ever admit it. However she cursed her partner for being so naive and childish sometimes. "That still doesn't excuse what they di-" she was cut off as Professor Port entered the classroom. He was a rather thick man, literally, and his graying hair included a large mustache. Although he didn't seem impressive he carried himself with pride and his head held high, though Weiss wasn't sure if that was only because if he let his large head droop it might ruin the freshly pressed suit.

"Hello everyone. As you may know, I am Professor Peter Port!" he announced boisterously. "Today, for those of you who may not know, I will have the pleasure of welcoming some new students. Please, step forward!" Weiss noticed that on the other side, the four students each got into a line and marched to the front of the class, before lining up and pivoting to face the class beside him. She saw the Professor rub his hands together and realized that he probably hadn't bothered to learn their names-and he couldn't see their name tags at this angle-so he said, "Please, introduce yourselves."

"John One-One-Seven, Squad Leader." John said plainly. _Squad? Doesn't he mean team? What kind of introduction was that, this isn't a military boarding school! _Once again she was drawn back to their clothing though, and noticed they probably hadn't been sent uniforms yet, and that they each wore a set of military style uniforms, and combat boots. _This is beyond weird. They're probably what, seventeen? They look like it from their facial features and size, although they are all a bit large. I've got to do some investigating later._

"Fredric One-Oh-Four.", the second boy said, the one who dared to hold a knife to her partner's neck, although now that she looked closely he didn't look particularly evil, nor even mean. _Fredric, not just Fred... Perhaps Fredric is more formal? Interesting._

"Kelly Zero-Eight-Seven." The brunette girl introduced herself as such, the one who had sent Russel to the infirmary with a single blow. She didn't look intimidating per say, but the events of the past hour served as proof to her prowess.

"Linda Zero-Five-Eight." Was the introduction of the last member. Her red hair only offset by emerald eyes that looked sharp enough to pierce her very soul. She was a mystery by herself, seemingly the least social of the group despite the fact that the others already kept mostly to themselves.

"Haha! Very professional! Please, sit down, you look like people who can appreciate these important lessons." Weiss rolled her eyes. _Even these kids can't possibly enjoy Port's crap stories, right? I took notes the entire first three classes just in case, before I realized it was just incessant rambling. And I'm overcautious. _They took a seat again before Ports launched into the supposed 'lecture'.

"Continuing on from last time, I had been hailed as a hero after that! My feats known across the lands..." She tuned him out and saw

that next to her, Ruby was drawing another caricature of him calling him 'Professor Poop'. _I guess that really doesn't get old. Even Yang is still laughing at it. _Weiss saw that Yang was trying to contain her giggles and even Blake smiled lightly. Weiss would have been angry at them for being immature and not concentrating, and would have been justified, but all things considered this class was absolutely useless. _'Grim Studies', please! We've learned more about the Grim creatures from the charts on the classroom wall than from the teacher!. _Glancing at the new kids proved her theory to be true, as they didn't take notes and probably thought this story was only a one-time lesson. _As if. _I'll still have to find out more about these kids, perhaps I could call my family's private investigator. I'd need a last name on these ones first though. _Unknown to her she wasn't the only person with this idea, as already in the school's impressive library sat Professor Glynda Goodwitch, with every book concerning storms and recent military action in Vytal, especially those regarding children.

* * *

><p>Author's Note: I won't lie, this was a bit of a filler chapter so I could sort out the exact details of how to set everything into motion, which is subsequently why it took so long as well.

6. Chapter 6

It had been a a few days since Blue Team had started school at Beacon Academy. They seemed to be adjusting well, but rather were adapting to look the part. The Spartans awoke every day at Six A.M. on the dot, and in tank tops and sweats started a rigorous exercise routine in order to keep in shape. 250 repetition sets were easy but they were under time constraints and after having finished them, showered before getting into Beacon Academy's school uniforms. They had seen some students adjust the uniform's look somewhat, such as Team Rwby's leader-Ruby Rose, who had her cloak on top of the uniform, but keeping in discipline kept them exactly as when they'd been delivered.

By then, the other teams usually started to awake and they accompanied them to the mess hall, or 'cafeteria', as they'd been informed. Though they did not find the other teams entirely unpleasant, they were rather unprofessional in comparison to those in Blue. The main reason they continually 'hung out' with them was to observe their behavior in order to blend in: something they would need in infiltration of the city in order to gather information. The reasoning for this was mostly because despite Beacon Academy's impressive size and scope of knowledge there was little to no information that was useful.

This barring lack of information that could help them return to the United Nations' Space Command and their duties was frustrating. Still, patience had to been exercized and in order to not let uselessness and doubt fill their time they focused on their school activities as an active mission in infiltration. They copied and practiced things actively practiced in this society because after all learning through experience-provides experience.

They learned about the creatures of 'Grim', dark creatures that

aggressively attacked humans. The Spartans thought that surely these were simply overtly aggressive animals but paid it no mind. They'd killed deer, rabbits, and wolves on Reach during training excursions that were more...secluded. Going after animals that were an active threat, while also using it to maintain their cover was something that they all agreed was fine.

Of course, as 'Hunters and Huntresses in training' they were required to have weapons and since they had no such weapons save for a titanium combat knife they were given small choices. The school couldn't all afford the custom weaponry that some members of Team Juniper and Team Rwby but the school had offered them either identical swords, or semi-automatic rifles. Each were told that these were for students who didn't have weapons which was a rare case in and of itself. They all chose the rifles, but had to prove they were sufficiently able to handle them, which was easy. Despite the way these firearms worked through use of a propellant called 'dust', they were simple to grasp for the 14-year old super-soldiers who had fired their first gun at the age of seven. The rifles themselves were nothing fancy and were inferior to UNSC rifles or even magnums, but seeing Ruby Rose's sniper-scythe and Nora Valkyrie's grenade launcher-hammer was enough to assure them that eventually they could acquire much more reliable weapons.

As for classes, mathematics and sciences had been easy as they were easily grasped concepts to the Spartans who had learned them far earlier and on a higher level. History had been much harder as they had absolutely no grasp on this world's history whatsoever and when asked questions they usually replied something along the lines of.

"I am not acquainted with this particular event."

Of course, things had settled down between Team Rwby and Blue Team quickly enough with Yang Xiao Long seemingly willing to tolerate Fred's presence now. It was this cessation of hostilities they planned to use today as at the end of the day was the first weekend in which they'd be able to travel to the city of Vale, and hopefully it's Archives. If they went with either Team Rwby or Juniper it would help them blend in and John had decided on trying to get the members of Team Rwby to do so because of their seemingly better leadership. Despite Ruby Rose being younger than the rest of her team and seemingly immature, she was a vastly more superior leader than Team Juniper's 'Jaune Arc'.

He seemed relatively jumpy, he shied away from most conflict of any sort, and relied on his teammates for support rather than the other way around. Both John and Fred who served leadership roles wondered why he was given this position as no doubt Both Pyrrha Nikos and Lie Ren, two other members of Team Juniper, would no doubt be more effective. One could only imagine the consequences of him being put into a leadership role consisting of those outside his team, or a larger group.

The lack of any Artificial Intelligences was rather disconcerting as while mostly only the military and rich or substantial organizations had 'Smart AIs', which were truly sentient and capable of growth. But 'Dumb AIs' were quite common due to the relative cheapness required to artificially produce...and the fact that it didn't need a recently deceased human brain in order to create probably had something to do

with it as well.

The Team had discussed the creation of a 'Dumb AI' in order to gather all military and space related data, but the specifics were unclear to them and the equipment needed to do so would no doubt be very hard to access. A 'Smart AI' was completely out of the question as well.

The Spartans' social skills may have been improving but they were still fragile. Linda seemed adept at gathering information and analyzing it from social situations though, and her memory was exceptional. She remembered the most about her Pre-Spartan childhood, specifically having created an intelligence network to spy on teachers with her classmates before the age of seven. While she was very quiet there was no doubt for every time she let someone else speak, she had it filed away in her mind.

Kelly was the least burdened in social situations and would occasionally say things to the other teams, while Fred only occasionally talked to Lie Ren of Team Juniper, but that was likely because he was a lot like Fred. Quiet, disciplined, and focused, not to mention his weapons-two machine pistols which had large curving blades underneath the barrels-a practical weapon in comparison to the things most students had here. John and Linda were mostly silent though and people seemed to have accepted this as fact.

* * *

><p>John looked at his Team's schedule, which showed that today, friday, was special. They would have only one class today as it appeared to be some sort of training exercise against the Grim. His team was prepared and got into their SPARTAN-II trainee uniforms so as not to harm or dirty the school uniforms, something Ruby had told them was allowed. The did so and promptly headed towards the school locker room, grabbing the semi-automatic rifles, called the SM45-DMR, or the 'Schnee Model 45 Designated Marksman Rifle', a model used by most special law enforcement agencies, especially overseas. It was then that the Spartans had learned that Weiss Schnee of Team Rwby was the Heiress to the Schnee Dust Company which made everything from toothpaste to firearms.

They had been given magazines with two types of dust-projectiles. The first, white dust, was the majority of what they were given, each member receiving four of them with their rifles. They were normal rounds which would supposedly fare well against the Grim which did not have armored exoskeletons. For those that did each member was given a single magazine of black dust round which were high-explosive rounds useful in armor penetration and could be used to small explosive effect. These were all given to Linda so that as top marksman she could provide significant support from afar, and she kept two normal magazines of white dust rounds so as not to waste the armor effective ones. The excess were given to John and Kelly as Fred already had his knife and preferred close range anyway.

The thorough cleaning of their rifles was done before breakfast and they headed into the Mess Hall to be greeted by Team Juniper and Rwby talking in an animated conversation. After getting their serving of Toast, fruit, and juice John led them to sit with the teams again. The teams had yet to get their weapons but probably had time afterwards to do so before the activity commenced. Still, the

Spartans needed the extra time to familiarize themselves with their weapons so it was of no consequence, and John liked to think it was a decision SCPO Mendez would have been proud of.

"Oh hey Blue! Wow you guys are all ready to slaughter some Grim butt! Yeah, this is so much better than the normal boring classes!" Ruby exclaimed, seemingly slaughtering her toast with a plastic knife in order to show an example of this.

"Indeed Ruby, do you have any details on the nature of this exercise?" Kelly responded, taking the reins as the others likely wouldn't answer.

"No, but it's better than Professor Poop's lesson's for sure!" Ruby replied heartily. The Spartans had quickly picked up on Professor Port's nickname and had noticed by the week's end how useless that class was. Though they didn't approve of disrespecting ones' superiors so blatantly she knew it would be pointless to argue.

"Of course!" She said, not elaborating. Conversations between the teams tended to remain small so the original teams of Beacon Academy wouldn't press for information about their origins. They understood the others' curiosity but for obvious reasons could not give out the classified information. Still, it didn't help that both Weiss Schnee and Blake Belladonna seemed to constantly pry for more information.

"Have you done training missions like this before you came to Beacon?" Weiss asked, somewhat unsurprisingly. She would no doubt make an excellent 'spook', an Office of Naval Intelligence operative.

"You..." Kelly thought for a few seconds while her team pretended to focus on eating. "You could say that. Learning techniques doesn't help if they are not practiced in real situations."

"I was also curious, you all seemed very capable in unarmed fighting when you spared in Ms. Goodwitch's class. Where did you learn such skills?" Blake added, not even trying to hide her curiosity. It reminded John of what Deja, their teaching AI, had once said. Curiosity Killed the Cat. He found this amusing as Blake's bow resembled the ears of Earth's feline predator's that they had studied.

"Our Mentor was quite thorough." She nodded. John approved of the very limited information Kelly had given, but was not in any way impartial to the glance Linda sent him. It's message was clear-Change the subject before they pry further.

"Team Rwby, we were planning on heading into Vale City tonight and through the weekend as per rules, and wondered if you would be willing to show us around." John cut in, with possibly the longest sentence he'd spoken to someone outside the SPARTAN program, but seeing the way Weiss' face lit up in excitement eased his conscious, not because he cared much for her expressions but because he knew her attention was now diverted, and they were likely to succeed.

"You've never been to Vale before? Well this will be a monumental occasion! First we can go to the market district, and then the residential-" Weiss started to ramble.

"Woah woah...way to make it sound boring!" Yang interrupted.

"I know you love the place but I still plan to go to a few parties if you know where it's at! That's where it's at if you've never been to Vale before. Know what I mean Kelly?" After Kelly looked at Yang in confusion and she moved on.

"What about you John? I'm sure you attract all sorts of attention!" He stared at her in unamused silence.

"Linda?" She asked hopefully, but was greeted with silence. She threw her arms up and pouted, but the fact that she hadn't asked Fred for his opinion on the matter was not lost on anyone, apparently she was still angry at him and it certainly didn't help that his signature knife sat atop the table.

Fortunately, the tense silence was broken as Kelly noticed the clock and the other teams rushed into the lockers to get there weapons, with the Spartans walking behind them.

* * *

><p>"Hello students." Professor Glynda Goodwitch greeted the teams. "Once again we meet you here on the Beacon Academy Cliffside. Today you must put into practice a more specialized mission. As Hunters and Huntresses your jobs may be more specific than simply hunting Grim indiscriminately and thus you must learn how to manage your time and pick your targets. Some Grim have been marked with paint, and these are your targets. Here." The blonde teacher passed out a photograph and a map to each team, bar Blue Team.<p>

"Blue Team, if you so wish you may be exempt from this exercise, as the other teams have more experience here." They stared back at her calmly.

"No Ma'am. We wish to participate and will not have the chance to become better without experience in the field." John replied. His resolve unshakable.

"So be it, here." She handed him the map and a picture. The picture had a picture of a Large Scorpion with a partial exterior bone structure as armor. He immediately recognized it as a 'Deathstalker' from the diagrams in Professor Port's room and the books from the Library. It had a large '4' spray painted on it's back, no doubt signifying it to help with target recognition. He showed it to Blue Team who nodded, and he turned his attention to the map, the geographical layout of the forest and the Beacon Cliffs at the edge for landmark reference. A small area had been outlined in marker.

"Those are your targets, and as teams you are to specifically go after them in the allotted time slot of two hours. Extra time taken to eliminate the targets will lower your score as well as excess grim casualties. Attempt to only eliminate the main one before returning here. The maps you have been provided show each grims' recorded territory. Your progress will be viewed and recorded on the cameras in order for us to assess you."

"As with initiation and fore your sped up arrival you will head into

the forest the same way you did with initiation. Please make your way to the stone launchpads." Each student made their way onto a stone square with Beacon Academy's emblem on it, while Jaune Arc looked uneasy. Blue Team followed their lead and while it was no stretch to guess what 'launchpads' meant, it was certainly going to be something. As the first pad shot up, launching the first student upwards, they trailed Lie Ren with their eyes and watched as he stabbed the knife portions of his weapon into a tree and slid down. Though the Spartans had no such special weapons they knew they were significantly heavier and thus would not fly as high or far, decreasing risk of injury.

Along with this they were somewhat aware of their increased abilities. After all, how could they treat themselves for wounds if they weren't aware of what the augmentations included. Their ceramic-coated bones were nigh-unbreakable and along with increased muscle density would help with impact. Aside from that they were well familiar with how best to 'fall' if say an aircraft was shut down.

The team held their rifles in their hands protectively, as they were likely more vulnerable to damage than the Spartans themselves. Kelly was the first to fly and as expected went about three-fifths the distance the others had and had not reached the height they had by any means. Fred followed suit and followed with freefall procedures with Linda on his tail. John was last of all the students and his adrenaline kicked into overdrive along with his enhanced neural implant. Upon reaching maximum height and starting to descend he spread his legs and opened up his arms, while leaning forward like a missile. As he fell towards a clearing, which was lucky as no trees barred his descent, he focused.

His mind was working at a thousand miles per hour, the adrenaline running through his systems and improved reaction systems, as well as artificially enhanced eyesight combining to make him ready. This hyper aware state was what Kelly had eagerly dubbed 'Spartan Time' as soon as they had finished fully gaining control of the augmentations which still troubled them. Spartan Time wasn't some mystical body equipment they could activate on thought but rather simply was a label for a hyper-aware state of consciousness, much like sleeping, being awake, or being in a coma were all different levels and states of consciousness. Much in the same way those were, you couldn't just choose to be hyper-aware but rather it happened on it's own.

It was as if time was moving slightly slower, a feeling John had not gotten since originally getting and adjusting to the augmentations improvements to his reaction and response time. Within fifteen feet of contact with the earth, relatively only a few seconds, he curled into a ball in order to roll and transfer off the momentum he carried. Doing so he held the SM45 rifle into his chest in order to defend it. Contact with the dirt was rough but he paid it no heed as it sharply hit his upper back and as he rolled to where his feet felt to be at the ground; uncurled and pushed out. He was sent flying through the air once more and crashed roughly on his chest, heaving, while his weapon landed a few feet away.

John back and chest ached, and his head felt disoriented but he rose, having been through much worse. He quickly dusted off his uniform and grabbed the firearm off the ground, heading towards where he saw they others fly. No doubt they'd try to regroup at Kelly's landing

position as it was the one place every member of the team had seen before being launched themselves.

Every few yards he'd stop and look around, listening for threats and surveying the plant growth. It was here he saw one of Beacon's Camera's and after a small internal debate stuck it onto the side of the sights on the SM45, figuring it would provide Professor Goodwitch with a better source for evaluation and would at the same time prove to Headmaster Ozpin that them being at Beacon Academy was not a waste, as he'd heard how exclusive they were and he wanted Ozpin's hospitality to continue.

Eventually John came upon the rest of his team in a clearing, no doubt waiting for him. He told them of what he'd done with the Camera but gave it to Linda, as her providing cover would no doubt show the entire team's movements more effectively anyway. Looking at the map, then at the overbearing Beacon cliffs, they compared it and started to Trek out towards the Deathstalker territory, specifically where they hoped their target was. They took this time to discuss what they needed to about their situation, save for the fact that the cameras probably had microphones so they made sure to keep details on the down-low.

"So we're going into the city, and getting a tour. Problem is convincing them to let us stay where we want." Linda stated. it was the truth, Team RWBY hadn't been at all opposed and had probably been going into the city anyway, but likely not to the archives.

"It sounded like that wanted to go to an event or something, some 'party'." Fred said in return. Just because Yang and him still had tension between them didn't stop him from paying attention to what she said.

"Indeed. We'd need a distraction to secure the time to search for information." Linda said. While they all knew it, stating it would help them continue their brainstorming plans.

"We would need several hours to search, I'm sure any archival buildings in the cities are more extensive than the library here." John included. The timetable was important, and they couldn't just ask an AI to search the data network here, as convenient as that would be.

"What if we don't lie?" Kelly asked. They stopped completely and looked at her for an explanation.

"Instead of an excuse to look for information on our own, we follow them, then during this 'party' or whatever events they decide to get into, one of us goes dark." She explained. Despite not being the leader, her active participation in social situations showed its value.

"They provide key data about the city, then three of us keep them occupied while the other heads back to get started on our search, correct?" Linda questioned for clarification. It was rare for her to talk this much but planning an intelligence operation was straight up her alley, she was in her element.

"Exactly. Probably you, your the least well known to them while I'm the most social, so they'd notice if I was gone." Kelly added.

"I'm squad leader and Fred's absence would be noted by 'Y', so Linda, you know your role." John correctly evaluated, tying up loose ends. Kelly had proven a surprising amount of skill in planning, but then again John knew not to underestimate his 'sister'. After all, she could beat any Spartan in a fight, even Li-who was the best in Close-Quarters-Combat and martial arts, simply because her unnatural speed gave her such an advantage it was unreasonable to think otherwise. She had to artificially slow herself down in order to regularly fight with any of them.

Silence reigned down upon them but they were not at all hindered by it as the team's synergy flowed naturally, cutting their way to their destination not like a hot knife through butter-but as a diamond saw might saw through cardboard-with a precise application of extreme force. The forest's natural growth bogged them down not a single bit in comparison to walking through sleet-mixed mud and snow on Reach.

They'd once come upon a duo of Beowolves, and while not the toughest opponent by any means when armed with rifles they knew their objective would be accomplished more successfully with the elimination of only the primary target.

That being said, there was no sneaking round 6 foot tall, overtly aggressive wolves when they had you in their sights, so John gave the order to incapacitate. Four bullets were fired and four legs had metal projectiles penetrate through fur, skin, muscle, and bone. Kelly and Fred had disabled them with speed and accuracy, and while the two creatures still had a pair of working legs they would likely not continue to pursue the team. John was content with the fact that his Team was still working at peak proficiency despite this situation. He had been worried about both them and himself, as he knew he still grieved the loss of nearly half of the SPARTAN-II program, a psychological burden he was not blind to.

While their bodies had been honorably jettisoned into space like any good UNSC navy personnel would have wanted, it still hurt that he had been helpless. He was their leader and he had failed to lead them through that. SCPO Mendez had told him that it was sad, but that John needed to know the difference between two key things.

The difference between lives wasted, and lives spent.

Yet when John had asked Mendez if his brothers and sisters' lives had been spent or wasted he had not received an answer. It no doubt had been occurring in his thoughts more and more. Soren, Cassandra, Fhajad, Musa...they were a few of those who had survived-mostly. They were some of the ones who didn't take to the augmentations as well as he did, but did so well enough that they lived. Now they lived in agony constantly, some unable to walk. Of course, he had been guaranteed that they would be given positions at the Office of Naval Intelligence, helping humanity not as the sword and shield but as it's eye in the sky.

Their relentless knowledge of tactics, strategy, and everything war would no doubt still prove to have many applications-but it was still John's fault-in his eyes, that they failed to survive. His failure as a leader. But John knew the only way to honor them, and the others who had indeed sacrificed their lives, was to prove that their

sacrifice was not in vain.

He was pulled out of his thoughts as Kelly called out, and he moved forward with his team. In front of them was a large cave opening with chalk depictions of a scorpion and arrows pointing into the cave. That along with the fact that this was in the highlighted area on the map...John would have to be foolish to think the Deathstalker was anywhere else. But the fact that it was this obvious said that Beacon Academy obviously didn't throw their students into the wild with as little regard as Mendez did. That, or they figured that the students would need the help. In the end it wouldn't matter, the objective would be completed.

"Linda, take position where you can make an impact with those HE rounds. Fred, take left. I'll take right. Kelly..." John issued out orders before looking to her. He smiled just a tiny bit. "How do you feel about being a rabbit?"

She smirked in a small way but John knew she was happy they were about to get some action again, and more importantly she could stretch her legs again.

"You know me John..." She hoisted her rifle up in a single hand. "Happy to help."

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><p>Glynda Goodwitch sat in her office and looked at her scroll, the multiple screens showed each of the teams on their objectives and as they exited view and other cameras detected movement it automatically switched her view. While they all recorded constantly she had set up this system for the off chance that one of the students was in danger of beings skewered or ripped to ribbons by a grim so that she could easily set off to aid them. It wasn't until the first team had reached their quarry that she expanded upon her view.<p>

Surprisingly, Blue Team had not only regrouped the fastest but had found themselves in the vicinity of their target the fastest. At first she found herself angry that they had interfered with the exercise by picking up one of the cameras, but upon seeing it was on one of the weapons decided to observe. When she'd witnessed the two team members at the front of their formation disable the limbs of the Beowolves who got in their way it only served to further prove to her that these were no ordinary kids. She had not expected any of the teams to successfully avoid casualties of other Grim(excluding their target) unless they could easily avoid them. Here she found they had no trouble at all with that particular objective.

While their conversation earlier had been very interesting it had ceased, and now she focused as they reached the cave of the deadly Deathstalker Scorpion that lived only three-fourths of a mile from Beacon Academy. At first she'd been hesitant to let them participate, as the other teams had more experience as far as she knew. Now, she knew that was not the case. While them meeting up and even getting to the cave first could be given to dumb luck or coincidence their effectiveness, formation, not to mention ability with rifle they had only gotten days before, proved they were more than the average 17-18 year old.

What surprised her was that the team did not enter the cave as she had expected, and promptly get forced out. Instead, the two boys, Fred-104 and John-117, as per John's insightful orders, took cover on either side. Linda-058-who's rifle had the camera attached to it-had taken a good sniper's nest atop a tree. What surprised her the most though was that John had seemingly sent Kelly-087 into the cave along to draw the Grim out. Strategically Sound? Yes. Dangerous and Risky? Very. Still, the Team's skills had spoken for themselves thus far so the good Professor could only hope they didn't have to find her corpse in the cave days later.

It was at this thought that she heard a single shot, followed by a Deathstalker's signature screech. Within a second of this happening Kelly rushed from the cave weapon in hand. Immediately as she got out the massive armored scorpion tore itself out of the cave. Kelly saved herself by rolling to the side in anticipation before sprinting faster than the eye could see into the forest and a few feet from John's position. Glynda let out a breath she didn't know she'd been holding and watched as the Deathstalker seemed confused as it was peppered with projectiles from three different sides and was turning around.

It was the correct Deathstalker, of course. The one she had painstakingly gone out and painted for this exercise. Still, it all seemed worth it seeing this team of children confusing it with a deadly hail of lead. Still, the armored, bony exoskeleton was keeping it protected until a loud 'CRACK!' was heard.

The camera hitched slightly and she realized that Linda had fired one of the High-Explosive rounds, leaving a small dent in-between it's eyes. A very accurate shot considering the creature's spastic movements but she decided to give Linda the benefit of the doubt that it had not been a lucky shot as there was a reason she was the Team's sniper.

The Scorpion roared in anger and charged at the nearest target it saw-Fred. Fred tapped the trigger consecutively in an oddly impressive show of ability, the rapid firing not giving him any discomfort with weapon kick. Upon seeing how close it was though he threw his rifle to the side and pulled a massive combat knife out of his boot. At least, it looked massive to her, having to have been at least eight to ten inches long. The top two inches curved together but one of the sides was serrated, giving the look of a predator's teeth. It gleamed in the sun at the sanded down edge while the rest of the knife remained a dark grey metal. To her surprise Fred didn't look intimidated in the least. The camera started to jump a few more times in succession, obviously Linda did so in an attempt to deter the impressive beast. The four more High-Explosive shots along with the peppering of fire from John and Kelly cracked open the side of the beast's armor and the rough skin underneath had showed some blood but it remained focused on it's target.

Fred quickly leaped as the scorpion swiped it's claw at him, clearing an impressive 5 feet of air at the least before he landed and did something most Professors wouldn't dream of. He stabbed his knife into the claw, obviously doing so with enough force that the knife lay buried to the hilt and had gone through both ends of the claw's pincer. Unfortunately this had a cost as it swung back, and knocked Fred off his feet and away. with the blood of the Deathstalker spraying after him.

_ 'Kelly, check on Fred! I'll provide cover! Linda, aim for broken spot in it's armor! '_ Was heard through the microphone, shouted. Kelly sprinted around as John unwaveringly stepped forward to distract the beast and he aimed and continued firing. The camera shook again and once it stabilized again Glynda saw that it was most certainly 'on it's last legs' as a considerable hole in it's sides was blasted and the once John stepped out of the line of fire to no doubt aid Kelly and Fred Linda proved her skill as she continued firing mirco-explosives into it's sides.

However, rather anti-climatically it screeched in pain before slumping onto the ground. Linda lowered the rifle (and subsequently the camera), so Glynda manually switched to another one with a view of the cave's exterior. Fred had blood seeping into his torn uniform but didn't seem to be taking it hard. He instead approached with Kelly at his side at the same time as Linda and John did. As they converged on the deceased Deathstalker Fred tore his knife out of the bone and looked at it, before crouching and stabbing the Deathstalker in the eye. After which he took it out and flicked the blood onto the disturbed and overturned ground.

_ 'Target Confirmed Down. Objective Complete.' _Was what the microphone picked up. His actions seemed unnecessary but with a comment and target like that he could in actuality be confirming it's death, despite the obvious condition of the creature. Still, her suspicions about military origins were almost solidified. What she heard next was a relief though and she was glad they had a leader who had their priorities straight.

_ 'Fred, take that top off, we'll use it as a bandage for you. No need to waste medical supplies when we can treat it here.' _ John said to Fred who surprisingly didn't give some macho response and simply nodded, taking off his shirt and ripping it into strips which he wraps around his chest and over what she can now see is a long gash. It wasn't bleeding too much but that was more worrisome. Shallow wounds bled more than deep ones. Still, they bandaged it tightly and Fred even folded the rest of his shirt. What was a bit unnerving was the amount of scars that he sported not that he was not wearing a long sleeved shirt. On his chest were various small cuts but what looked like a gunshot's scar marred was on the side. It was obvious why he didn't have the slightest pain on his face when she saw that along with what looked like very faint surgery scars on the chest as well.

Despite this he was in beyond excellent shape, more so than most students at the academy could probably claim as it was the pinnacle of human fitness. Surely had Glynda still been in high school she would have either blushed deeply and turned away or dug in the sight. Fred didn't seem uncomfortable in the least with both girls and boy on his team nor did he seem cocky about his fit form as she'd seen many idiotic boys do during her time instructing. He wasn't overly or disgustingly built like many body-builders but rather looked fine, probably because of his impressive height. The whole team was already taller than her and likely even Ozpin. But his scars of battle scared her. NO child should have a gunshot wound or surgery scars no matter the case. It reminded her of something in the back of her mind but she failed to recognize it.

She put her thoughts on this strange team and sighed to herself when

she looked at the other teams' progress. Upon seeing that most teams had only just now regrouped she sighed. The rest of her day obviously wasn't going to be nearly as impressive.

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><p>Team Rwby got back a half hour later, after having dealt with their Nevermore. Once they knew where it was and were together it took them significantly less time as they'd dealt with one beforehand. After all, experience matters.<p>

"Twice! Yeah, me and Crescent Rose forever! Who's the best Scythe?" Ruby was saying to her weapon. Weiss sighed.

"Only because you insist on beheading every grim we come across in the most dramatic way possible!" She replied. It was true though. The first time, she had dragged the monstrosity of the bird up the side of a cliff by the neck with her Scythe. This time they trapped it in some branches and she came in from above, a reaper of death.

"Well it's not my fault we deserve only the best!" Ruby patted her folded Sniper-Scythe. "Anyway, it's a night on the town right? Yay!" She was fairly excited.

"Just because the bouncer and the owner at that club is scared of me doesn't mean you get anything alcoholic! Don't even think about it. Soda only." Yang chastised her younger sister. Considering her sister got into Beacon Academy two years early and was only 15 years old it was probably for the best.

"Even I'm not drinking a lot." Yang continued. "Just catching up with the girls, I mostly want to see kitty-kat drunk!" She elbowed Blake, who still had her extra cat ears hidden and protected under her bow. Even though her teammates knew about it she still was protective of it. Blake snorted at Yang, who only snickered in reply.

"Besides, those sticks-in-the-mud are coming with us too! I wan't to see them hammered, would not be surprised if after all that they go crazy. You know, since they are always so down in the dumps and boring, I haven't seen them do anything fun." Yang continued.

"They read a lot." Blake replied. It wasn't uncommon that she filled her time with reading so this was to be expected.

"Exactly! I said they don't do anything 'FUN'! Plus Fred deserves the hangover..." She trailed off.

"Sis!" Ruby whined lightly. "Can't you let that go, he didn't mean anything personal." She stayed quiet.

"Let's see if they are ready." Weiss stated. She may not be the most subtle of the group but it helped to keep them on task to be sure.

The rest of the walk down the hallway was uneventful for the most part except for having Nora chasing Jaune down the hallways laughing like a maniac. It was obvious they had finished their mission as well. That had been a bit amusing.

As they rounded the corner and saw that Blue Team's door was open

they all went inside. Kelly was sparing with John, how they were sparing after having fought a Deathstalker was unknown. Linda appeared to have fully disassembled the SM45 and was not only cleaning it but adjusting things to her preference. Fred was wiping down his knife with a cloth and testing it's sharpness against a bedpost, with a few layers of medical gauss wrapped around his chest and a bottle of disinfectant next to him.

"Wow, you guys don't look too bad after having fought one of those monsters. 'Cept for you." Yang gestured to them before insulting.

"Tripped." He replied calmly. Ruby blushed upon seeing him without his shirt on though she did so because of having not been previously exposed to such things. Only Blake took notice of what might be considered what was important, the cuts, scrapes, and other various scars. Blake had been part of the White Fang, a group of Faunus like her who were a revolutionary group.

Because of their 'animal' traits they had been discriminated against but it wasn't until the White Fang turned to violence that she had left, but she recognized a bullet wound when she saw one, having seen others have them from combat. Children weren't supposed to have bullet wounds and the fact that he was comfortable in the open with it meant he had likely had it for a while. That was worse.

"Are you ready to leave?" Weiss asked. Apparently excited to get to show people around the city who were actually interested.

"Sure, let's go. I'm sure it will be an exciting night."

7. Chapter 7

As it turns out, the 'club' they were going to was in a darker, more secluded and less policed area of Vale. Weiss had happily shown them around the town square, whis was brightly decorated and filled with life, vibrant with a great many people enjoying their days. This wasn't an issue, as Vale's main library was nearby and Linda had left to find more to read. Team Rwby hadn't been suspicious in the least. Eventually though they'd decided to get a drink and have some fun, mostly Ruby and Yang did, while Weiss and Blake looked skeptical but willing. Even so, the remaining Spartans didn't care in the least, as it had been decided that if they were to discover any sign of this world possibly being of insurrectionist origin, it would be from the more general populace and from what Yang described it was a relaxed environment, which would help with interrogation.

They'd hired two 'taxi' transportation vehicles, paid for by Weiss, as she apparently had a lot of the local currency that the Spartans were trying to grasp. It would come with time, just as they'd adjusted to the propellant 'dust' used in weaponry here as well as the 'grim' everyone was so worried about. It still eluded them why they were classified together as many of them were from completely different branches of organic life.

Besides, shouldn't they had a defense force specifically for the grim if they were so bad, instead of training irresponsible children to do so, who unlike the Spartans, lacked all discipline. It wasn't a big deal, seeing creatures that big. On other planets colonized by the

UNSC, there were creatures just as large if not more so, though planets with those were usually considered unsafe or in need of military action. Reach itself had received massive terraforming not because it needed it but because of the huge amounts of both military and non military personnel living on the earth-like world. It was decided that they would feel more comfortable with familiar species and plant-life.

John stepped out of the vehicle, which had stopped behind RWBY's. He opened the door for Kelly, who stepped out behind him, while Fred got out from the opposite side. Team RWBY approached them.

"Don't worry if you're underage, though you could probably pass off as 18 even if you're not." Yang informed them. "I came here for information once and got into a fight with all of Junior, the owner's, henchman and lackeys. Anyway, they still dislike me but are too scared to do anything, so we'll be fine." It was disconcerting that Yang had gotten into such a fight, she might not have restrictions and that was bad. Still, they weren't there and John knew not to draw assumptions on such little information. They all followed her to the doors, which slid open slowly. Despite the somewhat late time, there was a surprising amount of people dancing, drinking, and partying in the loud environment.

"You all do whatever for now, I'm gonna go say 'hi' to the sisters." Yang told them of her plans.

"Didn't you beat them up too?" Ruby asked, almost suspiciously. Weiss and Blake were now looking more closely at her as well.

"Relax, I came back and we became friends, it's all good. We're very different, yeah, but once you get past the snottiness they are all right." She smiled. "Just like Weiss is when you get past her snottiness and bi-"

"Yang! Come on, you know Weiss has good intentions, don't be inconsiderate." Ruby chastised, which was quite amusing to Blake, but Weiss was staring somewhat angrily at Yang.

"Fine, I'll get everyone something to soothe the throat, and water for you, unless they have hot chocolate." Ruby pouted, but seemed to lose her anger when she heard hot chocolate. The Spartans had been rarely given hot chocolate during the early days of training as rewards, but didn't know what they'd be getting from the blonde. John let her walk off but decided to follow, but couldn't place why. Likely, it was his inner suspicion of the loud, disorienting place filled with strange sounds and possible hostiles. Another was that he wanted to see how his 'ally' Yang would react with her former enemies, and perhaps get a glimpse on whether or not she was truly trustworthy.

Fred and Kelly followed Weiss, Ruby and Blake to a booth, where they sat comfortably. Blake looked surprisingly at ease in the loud place, considering she was one of the quieter ones of Team RWBY, while Weiss looked annoyed. Ruby simply seemed distracted. Their reactions were noted by the child-soldiers.

"Blake, you can have my drink." Weiss informed her, and received a nod in reply, for Blake was focusing on the Spartans.

"So Kelly, Fred. We don't know too much about you, think we can get a

little on it?" She asked. Fred looked to Kelly, and they looked around. Ruby and Weiss were on Fred's right, and Blake was on Kelly's left. They were trapped between the girls, and unless they planned on fighting their way out or jumping over the table to escape, their was no way out.

They'd have to find a way to conceal any details.

It was obvious that they'd need to give something now, considering all three girls were looking at the two expectantly. They obviously couldn't give fake answers on location, since they didn't know enough to properly fake origins. Exact training was out of the question, as was their academic teaching. The augmentations were beyond top secret too. Fred decided to take initiative.

"Well, we could swap some stories, but we're just as curious about you as you are of us." Ruby smiled at this, but Blake and Weiss both seemed to have noticed the obvious stalling, which could make them push harder for details. He'd overstepped his limits.

"Sure, you wan't to take the lead? I'm sure you have tons of great ones." Blake smiled innocently. If he wasn't so convinced they wanted details from him and Kelly he would have been certain Blake was hiding something as well, and he was pretty sure he knew what. Linda was fairly certain she was a faunas of some kind but it hardly made up for her secrecy. Perhaps she was a criminal of some sort in the past?

It wouldn't matter to them anyway if she were a faunas, considering she was still human as far as they knew. The mutation might be dramatic but as long as they weren't declaring war it wouldn't matter. Fred, nor any UNSC personnel could rightly say that all insurrectionists were french or greek, or any other race for the matter. It was strange having heard that they were discriminated against pointlessly considering that discrimination was not tolerated at all in the UNSC nor ONI. That being said, when you've studied every known war in human history you tended to get a fair understanding of everyone's point of view and not giving people equal rights only led to further conflicts.

There was no way that they would interfere though. They were to fight rebels and insurrectionists, and starting a civil rights movement was hardly sticking to those principals. For all they knew this whole planet of remnant was an insurrectionist planet gone wrong, filled to the brim with experiments and other stange things however unlikely that may seem.

"We've had a few scuffles in our training, but nothing too interesting I assure you. Simply standard. As for you all, you each are well trained with very specific weapons, perhaps you'd like to shed some light on how you became such masters at your form." Kelly replied to Blake. Fred barely recognized the words though. It was tough seeing Kelly compliment someone when she'd rather beat you into the dust in a competition. If you won against Kelly, you deserved a compliment. That's one of the reasons nobody had received a compliment from her in years, though they knew she was still affectionate towards all of her brothers and sisters as were they in turn.

It was simply in their nature to be competitive and fight to be the

best you can be. If you told someone they were good, they had no reason to get better. If you showed the person you were better than them, they'd have to prove otherwise.

"Well, I'm not sure where to start. I'd feel more comfortable if you did first. That way, I'd have time to think about which one to tell." Blake smiled lightly, but now it was obvious to Fred she was hiding something. She might give some details, but only if she had some of ours. Fred looked to Kelly and saw her thinking before she replied.

"Well, learning how to use parachutes was quite...interesting." Kelly explained. _Oh god, that was one of the scarier times in my life. _Fred thought to himself and groaned. _I can do it in my sleep now, but I knew she'd never let me live this down._ Fredric groaned inwardly, but upon seeing the stares and Kelly's evil smirk, he realized he had done so aloud.

"Ha! I knew you'd remember Fred. After all, people _always_ remember when they get pulled out of the fire!" She chuckled to him, and Ruby looked amused.

"It was a malfunction, it's not something I had control over." He defended himself stubbornly. It was hopeless.

"Sure it was, that's why Kurt was able to fix it for you in mid-air when he saw you wailing." She smiled an evil, knowing. Admittedly it was a small smile, but seeing her smile in the presence of others woke Fred up to the fact that team Rwby was watching them attentively.

"Do we really have to tell this one? I'm sure we could always tell them about when you tripped while playing rabbit." That got some eyebrows raised from Rwby but Fred could see Kelly was embarrassed. Which was code name for angry at him later. _Crud, she's going to want to spar after tonight, and I'll be sore for a week! _

"Blake was looking forward to it." Fred knew Blake was information-digging and didn't care which story, but decided to give up before Kelly decided to _really_ hurt him.

He snorted in reply, but didn't fight anymore. Spartan Storytelling would commence.

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><p>"Hey J, how you doing?" Yang walked up to a young, bearded man. He snorted and didn't make eye contact, continuing to sip his drink.<p>

"I don't suppose you plan on keeping the property damage to a minimum this time?" He asked, as John pulled up on the stool next to her. Even as it groaned under the weight of his hyper-dense muscles and ceramic-coated bones, she remained oblivious. John couldn't blame her though, considering the music in her sounded like...it was indescribable. A cacophony of electrical sound that seemed completely random and put him on edge.

"As long as my hair isn't damaged, you club isn't either." She said with a smirk that was ignored. John could only imagine how her hair

wasn't constantly damaged. It was much too long to be practical at all and likely caught on anything easily. Her bright blonde hair also kind of destroyed any chance of stealth unless she planned on fighting someone inside of a sun.

"Do you want something Yang? I may not plan on getting beat up but information isn't free. You of all people should know that." How interesting. An informant of some kind. John realized he might've underestimated them...a lot.

"Nah, nothing of that sort. Just have a few beers and a hot cocoa sent over to that table-" She pointed out where the rest of team RWBY and the Spartans sat. "Oh! Also, get something super lady-like and princess-y for the white haired one, that ought to piss her off!" She chuckled humorously, before spotting John. "Add a drink in for me and him too. Put it on my tab."

"You don't have a tab, and we both know I couldn't force you to pay anyway. If I can't kill you with a rocket launcher, I'm pretty sure I can't collect money from you." He scoffed and poured himself another glass from the bottle of whatever he was drinking. John didn't recognize it.

"You know it Junior! Thanks for the great customer service." She smiled brightly despite sarcasm even John picked up. He ignored the fact that she wasn't paying legitimately considering he'd supposedly tried to kill Yang with a rocket launcher. What was really disconcerting was that she survived-either he was dreadfully bad with explosives-or she was really good at her job.

"So John, you done listening in on my adventures?" She turned to him. He mentally scolded himself for having not listened in more stealthily but it couldn't be helped now.

"I suppose..." He thought for a second about what to say. "Not everyday you hear about someone surviving a rocket launcher." He commented finally. She smirked.

"I play rough." She smiled, then grabbed the bottle that was given to her and took a sip, sliding his down to him. John took a sip. It was a little bitter, but was cool. He'd prefer water of course, but didn't want to alienate himself and the Spartans further.

"I must have underestimated you severely. Your obviously quite the capable fighter." He noted aloud. Her aggressiveness reminded him of Li, and occasionally Kelly when she fought. It was a strong, fast fight with no room for pulling punches or going easy.

"Of course, you didn't think I was incapable did you? I've been getting in fist fights all my life, though I haven't lost one in years." He could relate to having been fighting all your life. Not having lost one though? Not one of his specialties. He certainly wasn't incapable, but he was far from invulnerable and he made sure to keep that in mind before being reckless.

"No. So what type of experience do you have?" He asked inquisitively. Though he was digging for information it was from genuine curiosity.

"Fighting and trained for years. See those guys around you in the

suits? The guards with glasses?" She pointed accordingly.

"Yeah."

"What about the DJ over there? With the bear mask?" She looked up and he followed her gaze through the strobe lights. He grunted in acknowledgement of the strange sight.

"Those two girls over there, and Junior?"

"I don't suppose you've a point to this?" He asked, running a bit impatient. She smiled at him anyway.

"I beat all of them up. Guards had swords and the like, common stuff. DJ over there had an automatic. The girls? Custom blades. Junior had a multi-projectile rocket launcher."

"That doesn't sound plausible." He noted. "You use shotguns, correct? Incendiary rounds? There's no chance for stealth and you'd be outranged by the gunner with superior placement and the heavy weapon." John noted that it really was a situation that wasn't likely at all, but took into account Junior's words about the rocket launcher as well. This place was obviously well defended at least.

But that was a given, he traded in information. Probably with both criminals and police. Possibly even intelligence agencies, as most intelligence operative each had a myriad of shady sources and he could be one of them.

"I knocked out Junior at the beginning and he was out of it until the end. Bit of a surprise attack. Went after the guards next, and the gunner wouldn't fire until friendlies were out of the way. I'll let you know though-I had no idea he had a gun until after I was done with the guards."

"You got lucky." He stated. It was not a question, that was luck and she knew it, even acknowledged it by looking a bit embarrassed.

"I like to say I got out of it because of skill, but skill only helped in taking him out. I did get lucky I wasn't shot." She looked to him and he nodded for her to continue. They'd both finished with their beers by now, and she waved over the bartender for another round.

"Anyway, I guess by then the girls realized it'd be bad for their job if they didn't interfere. They're a bit lazy and snotty but they are quite good fighters. This place was riddled by bullets and broken glass by the time we were done. I use incendiary but I usually carry concussive rounds. I'm training to be a hunter, I don't go around killing people."

That was a relief to John, but it also made it scarier. She took them all out with concussive rounds on a unique and rather inaccurate and extremely close ranged, if not practical and well hidden, weapon? It was good. Not Spartan good but Spartans' weren't civilians or whatever huntresses classified as.

"Anyway, taking out Junior was rough and I didn't come out

unscathed." She unconsciously pulled at her hair gently. Was it some sort of calming gesture or was her hair literally the only thing hurt? John had seen injured from bombs in the bloody war against the insurrectionists and if Yang went up against a rocket launcher with shotguns, and came out with no obvious injury she should be happy to be alive. Most weren't as lucky.

"Do you usually get into fights in places like this?" He asked, gesturing to the crowd before looking away as somebody got into a brawl and was escorted out promptly.

"No, but I was on an important...quest of a sorts. It's all in the interest of keeping Ruby safe though. My sister's protection means more than anything to me."

"That's very...honorable. I can understand that. The others on Blue Team are like Brothers and Sisters to me."

* * *

><p>"What was in these drinks? Weiss has obviously been drugged. She should get medical attention." Fred pointedly asked Blake, who looked surprised at this. Fred wasn't too worried as everyone else had consumed something different, and if the point was to drug them they'd have been in that state by now.<p>

"She's just drunk, she'll be fine. I expected her to know when to stop, but I suppose people surprise you every day." Blake looked over to where Weiss and Ruby were gibbering excitedly, Ruby obviously taking advantage of this situation by having taken pictures of Weiss. "Faunus have heightened metabolism so we can drink more, but you both obviously have a very high tolerance for people who haven't encountered alcohol before." Blake was well aware that they knew she was a faunus. Was something Kelly got, and it was yet another warning. She'd caught on to two things she shouldn't have and they were slipping. Kelly elbowed Fred to be more careful but the damage was done.

"So Kelly, Fred. Can I ask some questions about you, and receive honest answers in return?" Her question was by no means subtle but they were beyond that, and normal kids shouldn't have to avoid giving government secrets anyway so the two members of Blue Team at the booth were both staring at each other, wondering what to do. It was obvious though, it'd be too suspicious to simply refuse.

"Sure, so long as we can do the same." Kelly said, keeping her eyes glued to Fred in a message that said shut up, and don't screw up. I'll handle this._

"But of course. I let Yang drag you all to this place-" She pointed outwards to the partying civilians who were drunk and rowdy, and the relative lack of calm all around them. Blake probably wouldn't have said it if she hadn't noticed their looks of discomfort. "-so I might as well be hospitable."

"Go ahead then Blake, I'll happily answer your questions the best I can." The girl smirked at Kelly's 'openness'.

"Well first, what are your last names? I'm just curious of course, but the numbers I saw didn't exactly seem common." She was starting

small and being indirect again, but it didn't mean it was any less serious. Weiss and Ruby wouldn't overhear and Blake was too secretive to tell them suspicions anyway, as far as they knew.

But they still needed to think fast. It should have been a planned-for contingency and Kelly's mind was racing for an answer. The second she thought of a fair enough answer she congratulated herself even if it wasn't too creative. _I can't have two pairs of siblings, but having one would help excuse secrecy and closeness compared to Beacon's other teams. With one pair of siblings that's three last names._

"Oh, me and John are siblings. John and Kelly Halsey respectively." Kelly thought internally that Dr. Halsey would've liked having John as her son, it was no secret that she thought he was 'lucky', and while he received no special treatment she was always watching him. Plus, Kelly and John's similar traits and near-sibling relationship made it perfect.

Fred apparently thought the 'John Halsey' part was amusing too, as his face hinted at a withheld smirk.

"This lug-" Kelly socked Fred on the shoulder lightly, but misjudged her strength and made him wince nonetheless, which she ignored. "-is Fredric Mendez." He growled silently at her and she almost laughed not at the 'Mendez' part, but that she used his full first name. He didn't hate it but always liked Fred better.

"Finally Linda Franklin, our resident sniper expert." She tried to make their introduction realistic, while inputting the best last names she could think of. 'Franklin' and 'Mendez' coming from their mentor from training, Chief Franklin Mendez.

Blake smiled at this but looked to be internally filing it away, probably for a background check later.

"So Blake, you said you previously worked to publicly support faunus rights? You didn't happen to be part of the White Fang, did you?" _She couldn't have been part of any other group, there are almost no other rights groups for us, was she with the violent part...she'll no doubt want to justify her role just in case._

"I-" Blake's smile dropped at the supposedly innocent question, but knew her teammates might reveal something and it was best not to lie just in case they double checked, rather it was better she admitted to it and corrected them so they wouldn't dig. "I was part of that group, before they became violent. I don't believe violence is the way to earn equal treatment."

It was the response that was innocent. It also confirmed exactly what the Spartans needed.

"We both-" Kelly gestured to her and Fred, "-don't see any reason why faunus shouldn't be treated equally, but we're glad you didn't abide to their latter violent practices. When innocent people get hurt, _it can't be tolerated_." The way she said it gave Blake the feeling that if 'innocent people got hurt', Kelly would personally step in. It was unnerving, but the fact that Blue Team felt they deserved equal rights was comforting to her.

While they were both still curious, it eased hostilities, even if it failed at lowering suspicions towards one another. Still, it was getting late and the Spartans wanted to know if Linda was able to get any data that could help them home.

* * *

><p>"This...is bad. They could confuse us and it would create a lot of problems..." Linda stared down at the printouts she'd gotten after having hacked into the system. It would be important for them to know what sort of military operations were going on while they were here, even if no slipspace-related data was available whatsoever.<p>

But the one type of military operation she specifically hoped wasn't going on with the local government, and the one that could cause the most problems, existed.

She stared down at the printout and skimmed the top.

****Encryption Code****: DELTA-BETA-X-RAY

****Public Key****: N/A

****Subject****: OMEGA PROJECT, LEAD; DR. BOREALIS
G.

****Classification****: EYES ONLY, CODE WORD [REDACTED] TOP
SECRET

****Security Override****: BLACK LEVEL-VI

****Ghost sever file-transfer protocol (EXACTION)**** : TRUE touch
protocol (VERACITY) : FALSE

****SECTION ONE:**** GOAL****

The main goal of Project Omega is to, as the many backers will undoubtedly claim, to create weapons which will effectively work to protect both foreign and internal interests of the Vytalian Military and government. These weapons will level the playing field against the normal and faunus, the latter of which has genetic diversity which significantly improves abilities used in the field but lacks compatibility and modern use as un-identifiable operatives due to unique traits.

Project Omega is the creating of superior field operatives through use of gene therapy, genetic grafting and direct bodily alteration, physical enhancements, and mental indoctrination. Simulations show this will prove most effective against growing threats to world interests and will see continued use in...

_Not Good. _Was all Linda could think as she continued reading.

Worse, she had no idea how this would change things, but it definitely wouldn't be good.

* * *

><p>AN: I hate line breaks when you write in fanfiction, they

disappear and reappear and are pretty ineffective. On another note, this chapter was unfortunately delayed because Bethesda makes their games too well and the author became obsessed with _Fallout 3_**** & _Fallout New Vegas_. Apologies all around, etc etc. Good Luck, don't die, you get the gist and thank you for reading; have a good day.**

PS: Saw the RWBY Season 2 Trailer(Official Trailer), and I know I'm totally botching everything cannon now. XD

8. Cancellation Notice

[Author's Note]

There's no more putting this off, this story is going to be cancelled. I've written three entirely separate drafts for the next chapter and scrapped each one of them, and I've found the RWBY world to be very different than what I was expecting though in all honesty that is an excuse.

I didn't want to put a hiatus message for quite a few months mostly because I thought if I did that the story would surely never start up again but at this point it's simply irresponsible of me. I _will_ _be_ saving the posted chapters for the possibility of a rewrite but I'd simply be deluding the readers if I told them that this would continue...only to not have it continue for a year. I don't want to keep anyone's hopes up, but all notes and chapters I had on this story will be saved for a potential rewrite.

I recieved support via PM's and reviews from a lot of readers and I'd like to say that it did not go unappreciated and that you have my gratitude. Words cannot describe, ironically enough, how I feel about letting all of you down.

Unfortunately, the fact is that I was able to write up drafts for _four_ chapters for another completely separate un-posted fanfiction; each of at least five thousand word length(which is impressive for me, at least) means that my inspiration is clearly comatose when it comes to this and that keeping up with the illusion that this will be continuing soon is both pointless and cruel.

If anyone liked my story and wants to use any ideas I came up with you are free to do so, and I honestly encourage it. Half of you may not have even gotten this far, simply having seen the chapter title 'Cancellation Notice' and quit. I can't honestly blame you having done the same myself. So while it may not matter to most of you nor make up for my abandonment of my work I offer my sincerest apologies.

This fiction will be taken off of fanfiction a short period of time after this chapter is posted, my reasoning being that I don't wish for potential readers to become drawn in to what very may well be a permanently unfinished story.

Until further notice,

ArcAngel I4

End
file.